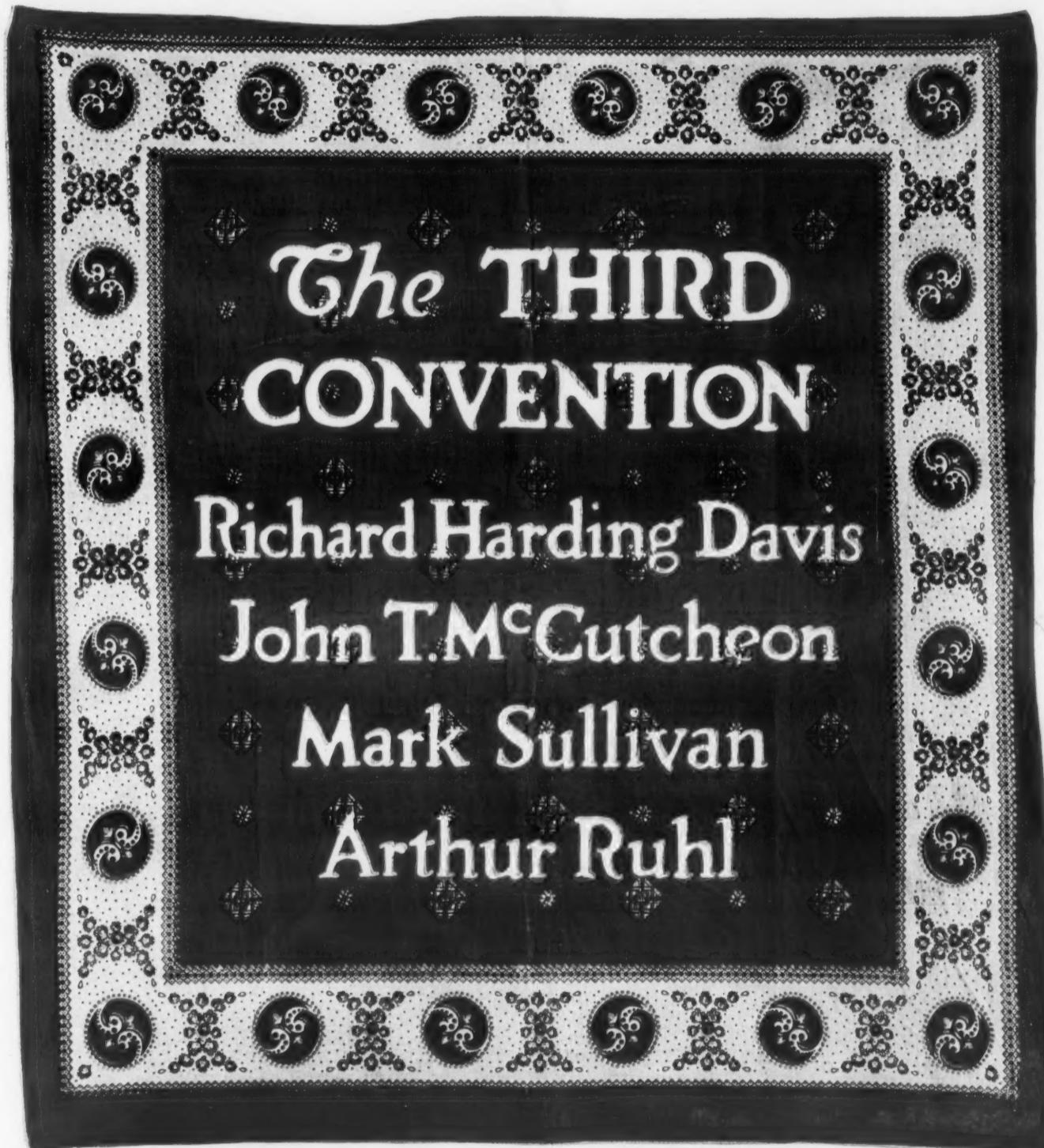


# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



GENERAL LIBRARY  
AUG 23 1912  
CIVIL WAR

1909

*Model 69*  
Completely Equipped  
F. O. B. Toledo

### Some of the Big Features

Self Starter	\$50
30 Horsepower	
5 Passenger Touring	
Car	
110-inch Wheel Base	
Timken Bearings	
\$50 Remy Magneto	

Warner Speedometer	\$50
Mohair Top and Boot	
Clear Vision Wind-Shield	\$25
Prestolite Tank	

MOTOR—Four-cylinder, cast separately. Bore, 4 in. Stroke,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. Horsepower, 36. Ignition—Remy Model R. D. Battery and Magneto—two sources of current. COOLING—Water cooled. Thermostatic Radiator. OILING—Splash system for crank and cam shaft bearings. Cylinder and

PUSH ROD—Crescent drill rod steel. CARBURETOR—Model L Schebler. CENTER CONTROL. FRAME—Channel Section—Cold rolled steel, No. 9 U. S. Ga. (156). Depth Side Rail,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Width of Flange Face,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. SPRINGS—Front: Semi-elliptic. Length, 36 in. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. Rear:

BRAKES—Contracting and expanding on rear wheels. Inside diameter shoe,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. Outside diameter Brake Band,  $13\frac{1}{2}$  in. Width Brake Band,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. TIRES— $32 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  Q. D. COLOR—Body, Overland blue; wheels, gray; all bright parts nickel plated, with black trim. EQUIPMENT—Mohair top and hood; Warner Speedometer; Windshield; Prestole Tank; Self-Starter; Five black and nickel lamps; Tire-Irons; Rohe Rail; Foot Rest; Tool Kit and Jack.

THIS car, at the price, smashes all previous records. It even totally eclipses our 1912 values, which a year ago baffled the world. 40,000 Overlands will be made in 1913. This enormous jump in production makes possible this new car at this new price. As our production goes up, prices come down.

as has been shown in each preceding year. In this age of rapid progress it is sometimes difficult to grasp the full significance of an important, progressive manufacturing step, such as this car exemplifies. But when you sum up the extraordinary cold dollar for dollar value which this car offers, as com-

Overland  
1913

*Model 69*  
Completely Equipped  
F. O. B. Toledo

TIRES— $32 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  Q. D. COLOR—Body, Overland blue; wheels, gray; all bright parts nickel plated, with black trim. EQUIPMENT—Mohair top and hood; Warner Speedometer; Windshield; Prestole Tank; Self-Starter; Five black and nickel lamps; Tire-Irons; Rohe Rail; Foot Rest; Tool Kit and Jack.

makes possible this new car at this new price.  
As our production goes up, prices come down.

pared to any and all competing motor car values, the giant economical manufacturing strength of the huge Overland plants is realized and recognized. It only proves the ability of this most powerful and efficient automobile factory.

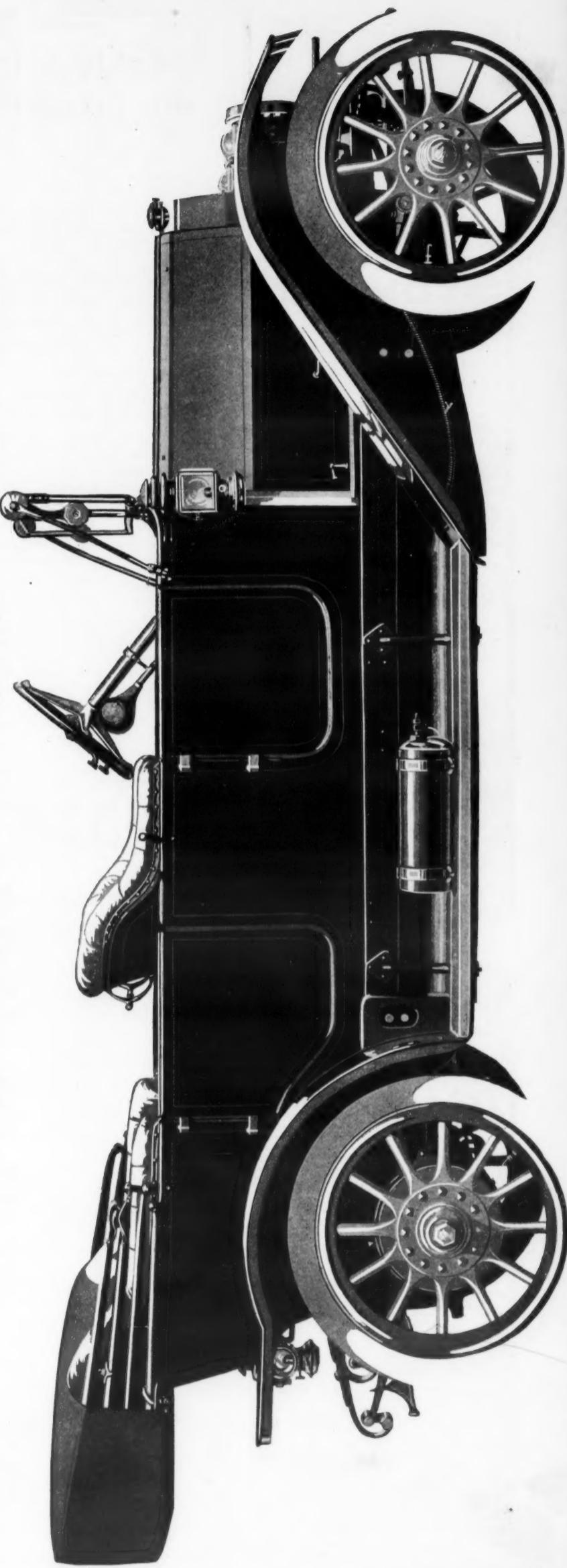
Here we can but call your attention to the bare facts. This is the car—a big, powerful, beautiful, spacious, comfortable, self-starting, thirty-horsepower, five-passenger, touring car—fully equipped—all ready for night or day, rain or shine service. Made of the best materials on the market, by the most

skilled men known to the trade, and in the most efficient automobile shop in America. And the price is but \$985.

We can make the positive statement, without any kind of a condition, that this is the automobile industry's record value.

This car can now be seen in any city in America. Over 2000 Overland dealers are waiting to give you your demonstration. Look up the one in your vicinity. Write us at once for full information and a 1913 catalogue.

## The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio







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that an honest advertiser is often misjudged by the company he keeps--for instance, when his advertisement is sandwiched in between two objectionable advertisements.

Advertisers in Farm Journal never suffer in this way. The undesirable and unreliable are omitted. Farm Journal was the first paper to make good all losses from dishonest advertising.

It is not all philanthropy which makes us protect "our folks"--part of it is common sense.

Wilmer Atkinson Company  
Publishers  
FARM JOURNAL  
Philadelphia  
October number  
closes Sept. 5



**WE SHIP ON APPROVAL**  
without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.  
IT ONLY COSTS one cent to loan our unheard-of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1913 model bicycles.  
**Factory Prices** Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone else; you can get them at our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

**Rider Agents** everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory.

**Tires, Coaster - Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer.**

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**10 CENTS A DAY**  
buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. \$65 now--later the price will be \$100. The best typewriter in the world, far excels any \$100 machine made. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, etc. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal typewriter, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

**To Get One Free** full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your Free Offer."

**THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO.**  
Dept. 52, Union Bank Bldg. PITTSBURGH, PA.

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F. W. McNair, President

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**PATENTS**  
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800 G Street, Washington, D. C.

# Colliers

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

AUGUST 24, 1912

SATURDAY

NO. 23

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS  
ROBERT J. COLLIER, President  
FRANKLIN COX, Vice President

CHARLES E. MINER, Secretary  
JOHN F. OLTROGGE, Treasurer  
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# WINCHESTER



**401 Self-Loading Rifle.**

This is the hardest hitting recoil-operated rifle made. The 200-grain bullet which it shoots strikes a blow of 2038 pounds. Think of the deadliness of this rifle, with over a ton of penetrating, knock-down force behind each shot it delivers. One shot from it will bowl over the biggest game; but for emergencies there are four more cartridges in the magazine, which can be fired as fast as the trigger can be pulled. As no manual operation, save pulling the trigger, is required to reload this rifle, it is easy to shoot it accurately with great rapidity. Its self-loading, hard-hitting features, coupled with its handiness, strength and simplicity of operation, make it an ideal rifle for big game hunting.

*These Rifles Are Sold Everywhere.  
Ask Your Dealer To Show You One.*

**IT HITS LIKE THE HAMMER OF THOR**



## Scientific Management

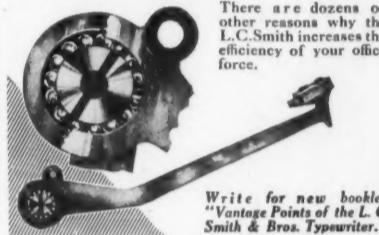
aims to eliminate waste effort. The value of any piece of machinery must be measured by what it enables its operator to perform. The

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#### Typewriter

**Ball Bearing Long Wearing**

is designed and built to conserve human energy. Every operating device is under the operator's hands; shift key, shift lock, space bar, back spacer and margin release. Ball bearings throughout give light touch, light carriage tension and a light capital shift. Carriage return and line space require but one operation without disturbing the writing position of the hand.



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**SAUCE**

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a perfect relish for Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roasts, Gravies, Salad Dressings and Chafing Dish Cooking.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.





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# The Style Book

New Fall styles in clothes for men and young men

**I**N the Style Book we show you, in twenty-four artistic illustrations, just how the new models look. This is the twenty-eighth season for this guide to good style; it has been a great force in raising the level of good taste in men's clothes.

Young men will be especially interested in the pages which show the smart fashions in our Varsity line, made expressly for them.

The Fall Style Book illustrations show scenes in and around Philadelphia. The cover is by Samuel Nelson Abbott.

Send six cents for your copy.

**Hart Schaffner & Marx**  
Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

New York



# Colliers'

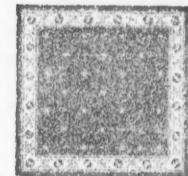
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

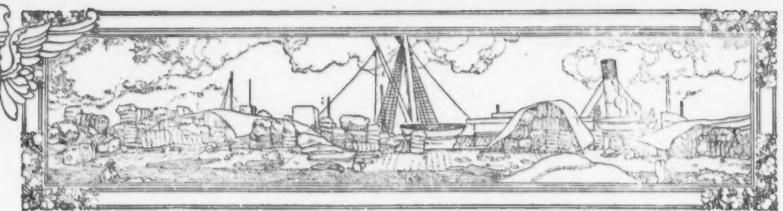
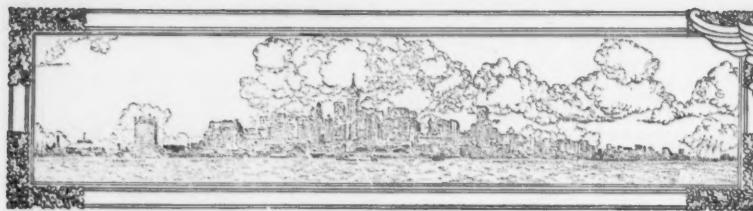
NORMAN HAPGOOD  
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



*Defiance*

Adapted from the painting by Landseer



#### FAIR PLAY

**B**ELOW THE BELT is a spot at which fair boxers do not strike. Nearly two and a half months of fierce political controversy lie ahead. During that time COLLIER's will state repeatedly the points that to it seem most important. Standing in the eyes of many readers as a sort of referee, we shall combat unfair charges, whether they are made against Colonel ROOSEVELT and the new party, or against Governor WILSON and the Democrats. President TAFT will require less attention, as the old branch of the Republican party will be almost annihilated in November.

The difference is sharp between an issue and a program. What might be called the Lloyd-George declarations of the Bull Moose are useful. They start the party in an atmosphere of social and industrial study, and they will stimulate American thought on the subject. This program, however, and the direct government program, which is its ally, are not issues as against the Progressive Democrats, although they are as against the Republican Old Guard, now leading Mr. TAFT. Governor WILSON's accomplishments in New Jersey are themselves a part of this movement, as are the accomplishments of LA FOLLETTE in Wisconsin, U'REN in Oregon, BRYAN in the national field, and many thousands of similar workers, in whatever special field they may be. LOUIS D. BRANDEIS has shown more practical constructive genius along these industrial lines than any other living American, and he, although traditionally a Republican, is supporting WILSON. Independent men will be offended by rough charges that WILSON is tied hand and foot because some machines are nominally supporting him. Such men will remember the long series of stern answers to such criticisms made by Colonel ROOSEVELT when he was President. They will wonder why, if such remarks are true, Colonel ROOSEVELT was a candidate for the regular Republican nomination. It would be thoroughly unfair to assume that Mr. FLINN's influence is bad in the new party. It would be unfair to believe that Mr. PERKINS would or could tie it up with any set of interests. Mr. TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF to whom a conspicuous honor was given at Chicago, is the man whom a few months ago Colonel ROOSEVELT named as one of the predatory leaders, and the man who said that Colonel ROOSEVELT's success in the Illinois primaries showed the failure of direct primaries; he is merely one of the first to flock to the new party as the old party sinks; and will they be welcomed, or will they not? We shall have this unfortunate professional aspect to American political life as long as national parties take part in city and State elections. The short ballot will help, and help much. The only complete cure is the separation of national parties from local matters to which they have no logical relation. Let us venture another illustration of sincerity. HEARST, who became a Democrat again recently in the hope of securing a nomination, hates BRYAN and hates WILSON, and is wriggling around for excuses to support the Bull Moose. Will that animal reject him? If not, suppose we stop this line of talk against Governor WILSON and admit that with every step toward power the Bull Moose will acquire more of the regular political breed.

HEARST, by the way, delights in talking about WILSON's "recent conversion" to progressiveness. On exactly one point has the Governor been "converted," and that was in a three days' argument with the master mind of U'REN. Has he no right to grow? How many of the Bull Moose issues were first made national by W. J. BRYAN? What really turned the New Jersey Governor's whole nature into the present fight was his personal experience at Princeton. There he saw for himself the way that wealth was contradicting democracy. To remedy that wrong he abandoned ease and comfort and sociability and popularity and plunged headlong against the established pleasant system. Before the fight for the Governorship he told Senator SMITH that in return for his support he would get exactly nothing, and that is what he got; and Tammany in New York, SULLIVAN in Illinois, and SMITH himself in New Jersey, having learned their lesson, have their knives sharpened for WILSON now. The Governor put through successfully a progressive program in New Jersey, as if elected we believe he will be able to do in Washington. He announced that if he became Governor he should not be negative, but would look upon himself as bound by the people's mandate to see certain things accomplished. If he is President he will be the leader of his party, be sure of that, and it will have to follow or be wiped out in 1914 and 1916. His measures will be supported by Republicans and Bull Moose in the Senate and in the House, in so far as those measures are not factional but patriotic. Let us have a fair campaign on principles. COLLIER's will be entirely happy with either ROOSEVELT or WILSON in the White House. We should be sorry to have either arrive there by maligning his opponent. Honorable conduct is more important than any individual. No one man is needed to save this country. If he were, the country would not be worth the rescue.

#### THE THIRD-TERM ISSUE

**O**N JANUARY 7, 1905, we published an article about Mr. ROOSEVELT in which we said:

He is committed to retirement in 1908. Bowing with manly taste to a disputable convention, he avoids a seeming lack of loyalty to the people. On 1912 are no such fetters. To be nominated in 1908 he might rely on politicians. To be recalled in 1912 or any time in two decades would mean that the people had spoken, and only they. And that glory is the possible reward of brave and powerful leadership.

Colonel ROOSEVELT is a candidate in response to a strong demand from a large number of people. Any help which he might have had from the control of political machinery if he had been a candidate four years ago he lacks now. We think little of the third-term argument at best and nothing at all of it in the present circumstances.

#### THE NEED OF SUCCESS

**M**ANY VOTERS who are progressive and favorable to two out of the three large organizations plan to vote the new party ticket, even when they rather prefer to have the Democrats win this time; their idea being that WILSON will be elected anyway, while the new party needs all the strength it can get. This particular argument, it strikes us, should be reversed. The Bull Moose is sure to prove such strength in November that it will be permanent and reduce the old Republican party to a condition in which it will rapidly disappear. Indeed, it is extremely likely that the Bull Moose party will find itself in better condition if it almost wins in November than if it actually wins. Many of those who are most enthusiastically supporting it feel that its start will be healthier if it is a party of opposition for at least four years. The great Democratic party, on the other hand, is hanging in the balance. If WILSON is defeated it will become a party of reaction. If he is successful, both at the polls and in his Presidency, it will be swung the other way, and will be one of the strong forces making for progress.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS

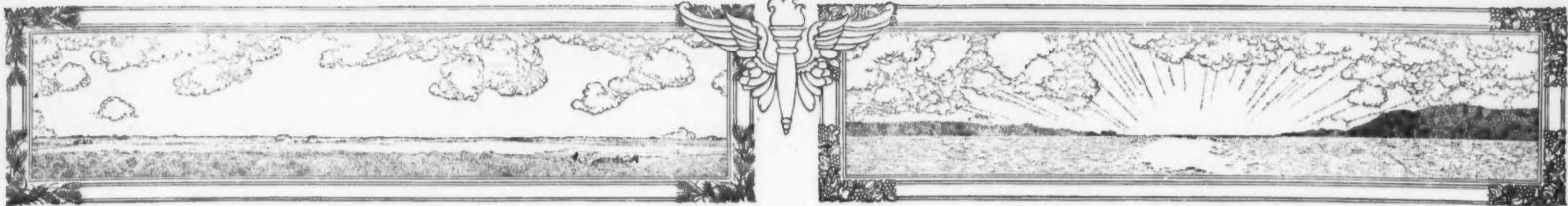
**C**HARLES R. CRANE observed: "The amount I will contribute to the campaign fund is limited only by the amount Governor WILSON will accept. You know he is particular." No cause could suffer from any amount, however large, contributed by Mr. CRANE, but the principle is correct. When Governor WILSON, months ago, refused any money whatever from THOMAS F. RYAN, he acted with much wisdom. When he refuses a large contribution even from the best of our men of wealth, and asks that his support come from the masses, he is perhaps leaning over backward, but he is on the safe side.

#### AN OPPORTUNITY

**I**F THE BULL MOOSE convention in Syracuse commits the New York party to the short ballot in State Government it will do much to increase its independent vote. Governor WILSON is president of the Short Ballot Association and Colonel ROOSEVELT has long stood for the principle. New York offers a great fighting ground for the Moose. If the Osborne class of Democrats could nominate one of their number they would win, but if MURPHY and BARNES choose the candidates of the old parties, as seems likely, the new organization ought to have an excellent fighting chance to carry the State. It will deserve to.

#### MONOPOLY

**A**BOUT TRUSTS, in spite of careful language, there is a genuine difference of approach. The real Bull Moose position is that monopoly is natural and should be accepted and regulated. This will bring a large Socialist vote to Mr. Roosevelt, quite properly and logically, and also a considerable big-business support. The Democratic position, on the other hand, as fully and ably put forth in the Stanley report on steel, is that absolute monopoly is artificial and never could have grown up through economy; that size increases efficiency up to a certain point and then lessens it; and that our biggest monopolies have obtained their final power by illegal means and should be put back to the point where they could have arrived by legal and moral means. No sensible Democrat is for the extreme of old-fashioned individual competition, and, on the other hand, a Bull Moose usually does not say he is for State Socialism; but one does have at heart the preservation of sufficient competition to be effective, and the other does accept and look forward with equanimity to limitless trusts, merely told by the Government how to be good, which would certainly mean Government ownership and operation in a short time—a result which we should accept with calm in railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and mines, but with regret in many industries to which, if this idea is accepted, it will certainly extend.



#### PURE FOOD PROGRESS

**I**N SPITE of the Secretary of Agriculture, and in spite of the domination of McCABE, and in spite of the way that President TAFT is standing by these men, progress toward purity in food continues. It continues, because public opinion is doing what the Administration refuses to do and made it impossible for Dr. WILEY to do. From October 9 to 19 there will be held the Connecticut Pure Food Exposition in New Haven; from November 13 to 23 the New Hampshire Pure Food Exposition in Manchester; early in December the Massachusetts Exposition at Lowell. COLLIER'S will study these exhibitions carefully, as it has done preceding ones, and any of them that reaches a sufficiently high grade will be fully described in this paper.

#### WELCOME

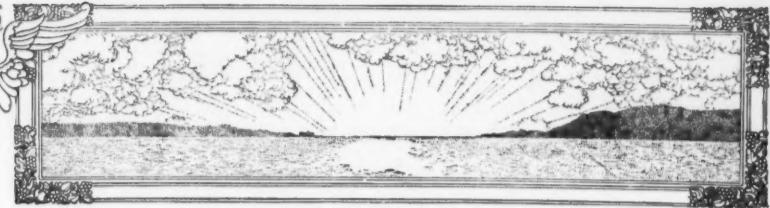
**A**GREAT MAN has returned to our country after many months of travel. It is in no perfunctory sense that we congratulate the United States that Dr. ELIOT overcame the sickness that attacked him in the Orient. Through a long life he has served well. Never has he had more force, more sanity, more openness to new ideas than he has to-day. One of our own great poets has written words that might well apply to him:

Not to exclude or demarcate, or pick out evils . . .  
But add, fuse, complete, extend—and celebrate the immortal and the good . . .  
To span vast realms of space and time,  
Evolution—the cumulative—growths and generations.  
Begun in ripen'd youth and steadily pursued,  
Wandering, peering, dallying with all—war, peace, day and night absorbing,  
Never even for one brief hour abandoning my task.

Many men make more of a commotion than Dr. ELIOT, but the work that he does lasts. He has criticized, but his labor has been essentially constructive. He has been one of the master builders of our time.

#### MINES, UNIONS, AND WAGES

**I**N MONTANA the copper miners receive better wages than any other miners in the United States. Nor in Montana is there any man employed in a smelter for less than \$3 for eight hours' work, except in the one smelter controlled by the Smelter Trust. The wages in Montana mines have always been fairly remunerative since the time of MARCUS DALY, a miner in his early days, and always the champion of fair wages for his men. In Colorado smelter men receive \$1.75 a day. The Guggenheim interests, which control the Smelter Trust, are bitter enemies of organized labor. The Amalgamated Copper Company, organized by Standard Oil capitalists, has been just, as compared with other large employers, in the treatment and wages of its employees. The Standard Oil Company has the same reputation. In the long run such a policy pays. Employees are enabled to rear families, and thus become attached to their communities and to their best traditions. The average wage in copper and iron mines in Michigan is about \$65 a month. In Minnesota—where the iron mines are owned by the Steel Trust—and in Wisconsin the wages are practically the same as in Michigan. Yet living is as high in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota as in Montana, excepting perhaps in the matter of rents; and the difference, considering the housing of miners, is not great. As a rule, where union labor obtains the compensation is fairer and conditions more tolerable for the men. A union lately organized in the Flat River district of Missouri, where wages were about the same as in Michigan, has secured an advance of twenty-five cents a day. The average wage of the zinc miners in Joplin, Missouri, is from \$65 to \$70 a month. Three years ago the Homestake Mine in South Dakota, principally owned by the mother of WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, adopted a blacklist system. Each miner was compelled, on penalty of discharge, to agree to discontinue membership in his union and to refuse to join any labor organization during the term of his future employment with the Homestake Company. The local union had existed for thirty years. It owned property worth \$150,000. Two thousand of the twenty-five hundred employees refused the conditions. They left their homes, which many of them owned, and the service of a corporation, in which half of them had toiled for over a score of years, to seek employment elsewhere. No man could show greater devotion to a principle. There was no other dispute between the men and the company than the question of membership in their union, and that question was forced by the company. Thirty years of association, during which time the Homestake Company had recognized the union, had attached the men to their organization and its associations. These they were compelled, with their home associations, to relinquish. This story may be compared with the treatment which Mr. HEARST has been handing to the employees of his Chicago newspaper.



#### SHORTENING THE HOURS

**M**ODERN CONVENiences and a new spirit have done much to make life on the farm pleasant. But there is much yet to be done. A young woman of intelligence who lives on a model farm with her father was recently asked: "Do you like the farm?" There was a quick unconscious sigh as the young woman hesitated between loyalty and frankness. She was naturally domestic and by every instinct inclined to love the country. "Y-e-s," she replied, "I like the country—and we have it quite convenient now. But we have got to get up at four in the morning and work until eight at night. I get awfully tired sometimes, but it looks like we just can't quit." There will have to be some way found to quit. That is the big reason why so many of the best boys and girls go from the farm and so few come back. Telephones, automobiles, pianos, books, community centers will not avail unless time is found to enjoy them. Years ago when prices were low it was often necessary for the farmer and all his family to work early and late to make a living and pay the mortgage. But with better farming methods and increasing prices that necessity is passing. The farmer and his family must be able to earn a good profit on ten or twelve hours a day. The time has passed when intelligent, ambitious people will be content, even under the favorable conditions of the great outdoors, to labor sixteen or eighteen hours a day merely to earn a living. It is good to work; but there must be time for mental and social improvement and for play. The city has laws against child labor. But the eleven-year-old farmer boy may be sent to the field to make a full hand. Women are not allowed to work in stores and factories more than eight or nine hours; but often on the farm they work sixteen or eighteen. The economic condition that compelled drudgery on the farm must pass; and then the new farm management must teach people how to live on the farm as well as how to raise crops.

#### GENIUS

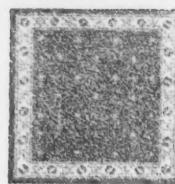
**P**ROGRESS is seen in masses, rather than in the highest individuals. Genius in one age is singularly akin to genius in another. This, for instance, is an era of feminine revolt, and yet one of the most moving expressions of woman's attitude toward a prevailing folly of man is in "The Trojan Women," and one of the most brilliant expressions of the same point of view is in the "Lysistrata." The charming heroine of ARISTOPHANES's comedy lays down, in terms as fresh as yesterday, the truth that wars are usually brought about in order to give occasion for stealing, and when she is told that she cannot understand treasury matters, she asks, receiving no answer, wherein it differs from domestic economy and household finance. In the same comedy one might well be reminded of the United States, and of to-day by the clamor for "a man" to lead the public; not men, not general wisdom, not superior legislatures, but "a man," one individual, who can stand out and be dramatized. It is one of the never-failing charms of history that settings change but principles eternally remain.

#### IN THE PUBLIC EYE

**H**E STOOD, poised on the edge of a barge, his slim figure outlined against the dark waters of the river. The drawbridge swung ponderously open, and the long train came to a standstill. A thousand perpiring commuters gazed angrily out watching a fussy little tug puffing through the opened space, a lofty spatted steamer in its wake. The boy standing erect on the barge's slippery deck noticed the disturbance not at all. Slim, cool, and naked, he was watched by hundreds of eyes from the waiting train. Like a good Mohammedan, he raised his arms toward the East and softly shot into the waters. The passengers turned sickly in their seats. The drawbridge closed and the train rolled away. In the succeeding miles of cool, green country and unbroken stretches of blue, salty water it emptied itself, some of the occupants hurrying home in swift motors through shady lanes. The boy dressed on a greasy deck, and, scared at the lateness and the possibility of no supper, scurried home through the hot streets. He had had his hour.

#### HAPPINESS

**D**ANTE put people in the borders of hell because they had been sad when the air was happy with the sun. Metaphorically they deserved to be there. A friend of ours, playing a game in which it is required to name the character in history one most detests, picked JOHN CALVIN. We are too prudent to say what we think of this choice, but its meaning is not obscure. Two human beings, in the greatest of American novels, commit a sin and pay a heavy penalty, but the reader of HAWTHORNE's masterpiece thinks much about the penalties suitable to the respected Puritan fathers of the community. To break positive enactments is a fault which all can understand. To be sad when there is opportunity for joy is as much a sin, for it is an enemy to life.



# The Men at Armageddon

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



**T**HE "keynote" speech of Senator Beveridge at Chicago was a fine, high keynote. But the real keynote was not struck by one Progressive but by fifteen thousand Progressives. It sounded on the arrival at the Coliseum of Roosevelt; it sounded for fifty-three minutes and it was of no uncertain sound.

To one whose business it is, in different countries, to report public gatherings, to see people under stress of strong emotion, to watch them greet their party leader, their generals returning victorious from the wars, their freshly crowned monarch, the greetings of the Progressives to their fellow citizen was easily the most illuminating, the most impressive. This is not the prejudiced view of a follower of Roosevelt. It is the view of a newspaper reporter, reporting what he saw. The fifteen thousand people were honestly satisfied that they were in the right, were confident of final success, wore no restraining collars, but were as free as colts in a pasture. And when those fifteen thousand rose to cheer the man they have chosen to lead them out of the valley, they furnished a big thrill. The thrill lasted nearly one hour, and it was as full of lesser thrills as a twenty-round go is full of punches. It differed from the demonstration at the Republican Convention in that it neither was delirious nor punctured by what aviators call "holes in the air." There were no dead places. There were no blocks of delegates seated with arms folded, with faces set and sullen while other delegates behaved like dancing dervishes. No one in silent disapproval kept his seat, no one in order to inflame his enthusiasm cut himself with knives. His enthusiasm bubbled like a spring when the snow melts. It was clear, happy, joyous. The love feast had all the feeling of a college reunion, all the enthusiasm of a crusade, all the solemnity of the Doxology. And it was full of color. Especially of the color of a red bandanna. In selecting that color, the luck of Theodore Roosevelt held in little things as it holds in big things, just as it held when the Government buried the men of his regiment under the official title of the First Volunteer Cavalry, and the people nicknamed them "the Rough Riders." As a party emblem the cowboy's red bandanna has an appeal all of its own. At Chicago it was sported around the neck, on the arm or the hatband, or, like a concealed weapon, was tucked in the pocket to be flaunted when needed as a danger signal to the enemy. At the convention it appealed at the same moment to fifteen thousand people, and it became the badge of the Progressive tribe. The floor was red with bandannas; the platform, the balconies, galleries shook with red bandannas. It looked like the grand stand when Harvard scores. There was color also, to those who believed in reviving memories of a civil war, in the presence of a drum and fife corps of veterans in uniform, among whom the youngest drummer boy was aged eighty, there was color in the presence, on the floor, of many women delegates and in the galleries of the suffragettes and their banners; there was color in the singing, by the whole fifteen thousand people, of homely and wholesome hymns; there was color in the physical presence at the conven-

tion, of the choice of that convention for the Presidency. At the Taft Convention the tumult was as great as was the tumult at the Progressive Convention. But in the noise there was a difference. It was the difference between a William A. Brady mob of hired supers and the shouts of children set free at recess. There was in it something inspired, spiritual, almost uncanny. It caught one by the throat. It was what Stevenson calls "a brutal assault upon the feelings."

"This is not dancing, Margaret, it is religion."

**I**N VOLUME it was as persistent as the roar of Niagara. One saw in pantomime the white-gloved hands of the leader of the brass band rise and fall, but against the human hurricane his band was as silent as a drum corps in a moving picture. The bass drum alone made itself heard. Above the whirlwind of sounds it came in faint throbs like the beating of a distant tom-tom in the heart of the jungle.

The demonstration for the leader of the new party was on the second day after the convention had found itself. On Monday it was shaking itself together. Delegates were looking each other over, studying the men on the platform of whom previously they had only read or seen in pictures in the newspapers. Now they met them face to face and took their measure. Until Beveridge spoke, the delegates lacked cohesion; they waited for something to weld them into a unit. With his speech Beveridge did that. It was a really big speech, delivered earnestly, with no theatricalism, with no consciousness of self. It was full of food for thought, full of good lines, full of swift home thrusts that brought the delegates cheering to their feet. It pulled them together, sent them out into the night with something to bite on, and, incidentally, through that speech, the man who delivered it "came back."

On Tuesday was the big demonstration for Roosevelt, and following it his confession of faith. But before he confessed, much happened that helped still further to pull the Progressives closer together, to give them confidence and pride in themselves and in their purpose. The delegates saw that no one was trying to "put anything over" on them; that no one was cracking a whip or playing the boss; that they were their own masters. Before he spoke Colonel Roosevelt received upon the platform many people, and, as each for a moment appeared in the spotlight of the National Convention, he or she, or the work or purpose he or she represented, was cheered and applauded. But the lesser actors on the scene could not stem the hur-

ricane that swept the building; they could only momentarily increase it or drive it into a fresh channel. In the van came the G. A. R. veterans with their battle flags and uniforms of fifty years ago, with shrill fifes and stirring drum beats. They made a picturesque bit of color. After they had shaken hands with Roosevelt they marched the aisles, where they and their drums were lost in the tumult. They were followed by delegates from the South who once had fought against them and by delegates of that race over whom both had fought, and who since that time have joined the white man in fighting the red man, the Spaniard, the "little brown brother." As the negro delegates from New York put it, "We have fought with him at San Juan Hill, we fight with him now!"

Young Frank Funk, who eighteen years ago was playing football at Yale, and who now is the Progressive candidate for Governor of Illinois, was one of the wedding guests bidden to a higher place. The young farmer has a smiling countenance, a fine out-of-door color, an impulsive, boyish manner, and when he sprang to the platform the delegates liked and cheered him. In answer he ran to the edge of the gangway, and, with the grace of a matador, flung his hat, spinning, among them.

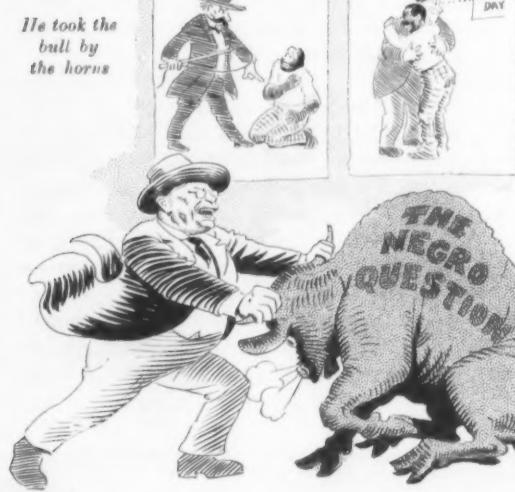
"Mine's in the ring, too!" he shouted. He lost a perfectly good hat, but as Cyrano said when he threw his purse, "But what a gesture!"

When, in her turn, Miss Jane Addams was escorted to the platform the delegates, as one man, sprang to their feet and yelled. It was the spontaneous tribute of two thousand men to one woman and to what that one woman stood for and what she had accomplished.

They were quite willing to give her the vote. She was not the only woman they cheered. To the left of the platform was what the envious called the royal box. The cheering, the singing of hymns, the marching and countermarching had progressed for three-quarters of an hour when a group of delegates turned to that box. The other delegates recognized their purpose, and with them began to acclaim one who for two terms had been the first lady of the land. Before their cheers Mrs. Roosevelt shrank into her chair. She looked as though she prayed its rigid back would melt. Her confusion, her pleasure, her distress, were as pretty as was the compliment the men strove to pay her. Before their onslaught of good will and admiration she blushed and looked like a young girl. Finally, as might a "great and gracious lady" welcome her guests, she rose swiftly and bowed, and not until then did the tumult cease. A Washington correspondent, who had followed Roosevelt since he ran for Governor, was wide-eyed with amazement.

"That curtsy she made," he gasped, "was the most prominent part I ever saw Mrs. Roosevelt take in public life!"

To the lady delegates, to the suffragettes in the gallery, the incident may have carried no message. But the men who cheered meant to show that, in their opinion, they also serve who only stand and wait. To those men the appeal of wifehood and motherhood called as loud as did the cries of "Votes for women!"





and what each of them laid at the feet of Mrs. Roosevelt was something more precious than a vote.

The most surprising part of the demonstration was the singing. For the reason that everybody sang from his or her heart. I have heard Caruso murder a most beautiful and tender melody, because to the Italian the simple English ballad held no meaning: he felt only the thousand-dollar check in his hand. And the most impressive music I ever listened to was the worst rendered. It was "Nearer, my God, to Thee," played after a battle, over the open grave of men who had just been killed, by a bugler who could not fashion the notes because his sobs choked him. The singing of the fifteen thousand voices at the convention of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers" might have been better sung by a church choir. But it carried a harmony that could not have been imparted by any music master. It reminded me of the psalm singing of the Boers before the battle of Sand River.

Time-hardened correspondents of newspapers bitterly opposed to Progressivism, who had been sent to the convention to scoff, remained to pray. As many as a dozen of them asked: "What can one say about this? If we tell the truth, people will say we are press agents. This thing has a religious undertow. It isn't a convention at all; it's a gospel meeting."

One writer for a New York paper, who had received instructions to "guy" the convention, telegraphed his chief: "There is nothing to guy. And if I have to guy it, I resign."

Another correspondent of another anti-Roosevelt paper was found, after "the Colonel" had delivered his confession, in a state of inconsequent intoxication. His friends reproached him that at such a time he should desert his work.

"I haven't got any work," he exclaimed. "I had to tell the truth about it, and the story I wired them tonight is going to lose me my job."

To ask any man to follow that demonstration of Tuesday was setting him a hard task. The bar had been placed high. It seemed that any speech must prove an anticlimax. But it is a question if, when delivering his confession of faith, Colonel Roosevelt ever, even to his admirers, appeared to greater advantage. There was a sincerity in what he said, in the way he said it, in the man himself that pointed him out as the one man best fitted to lead the new movement.

And there was something splendidly democratic in the way the individual delegates challenged their leader to joint debate, in the way they required a reason for the faith that was in him, in the way they demanded a promise for the future. There was no divinity hedging their king.

"What are you going to do about the Mississippi

River?" they shouted. "How do you stand on the liquor question?"

They talked together like "gentlemen unafraid." Had it happened in Russia, and anyone had been permitted that near a certain royal personage, instead of hurling questions at him, some one would have thrown a bomb. Some of the best lines of the speech were impromptu. Roosevelt had said that this country must, in honesty, abide by the treaty made with Great Britain in regard to the Panama Canal. This declaration was received with but the faintest rustle of approval. Another man, seeing that what he said was unpopular, would have hurriedly passed on to something more palatable. Instead the Colonel stood his ground.

**I**N HIS most ironic manner he said: "I don't hear quite as much applause as I would like! I will go over that again. I repeat that the honor of the nation requires that we keep our word."

Later a delegate called: "What about the tariff?" And Roosevelt answered: "I forgot about the tariff. I got my pages mixed. Thank you for reminding me."

man had stage-managed THIS, he could drive Charles Frohman out of business!"

The convention certainly was not stage managed; its effects were inspired, not rehearsed. Its actors were not drilled. There were no stage directors, chorus masters, no bosses. It was, as Stephen Crane described the charge of the troops up San Juan Hill, "a general popular movement."

Whenever Beveridge, as chairman, used the parliamentary formula, "the ayes appear to have it," there was a roar of joyous laughter. Of course, the "ayes" had it! Where there is no dissent, no discord, when all are of one mind, the ayes always will have it.

The speeches seconding the nominations were many and effective. Perhaps the most effective were those of a Democrat, an ex-Confederate general, and a colored man. Those speakers who received the heartiest welcome were possibly Amos Pinchot, Miss Jane Addams, and Judge Ben Lindsey. The two former gave the best illustration of how to speak in public with success. It appears to be to have something to say, and to say it simply and honestly. In comparison with the earnestness of these two, even the humor of Allen of Kansas, and the fine oratory of young Landis of Indiana, was less convincing.

But what one carried away from the convention was not the speeches of the headliners, nor even the speech of the one of whom the Taft papers spoke as "the convention Himself." What impressed and surprised one and what

one best remembers is the spirit of the men of that convention, a convention which was less of a one-man convention than any that has ever been held in this country. When you looked down from the press seats into the faces of the delegates gathered at Armageddon, to battle for the Lord, you saw types of men and women that were not on view at the convention six weeks previous. They were not the kind of women who at Baltimore were carried through the aisles, hysterically shrieking, upon the shoulders of men; they were not the kind of men who, at the Taft convention, sat silent under the stock whip of Barnes.

The men at Armageddon were young men with the look of the Pilgrim Fathers and Cromwell's army; their faces showed that they still possessed illusions, still held to high ideals.

As one man said: "I would rather go down to defeat with that crowd than win with any other crowd!"

They made you feel you could not too soon enlist, that the man who had gained the loyalty of such men was a safe man to follow. They made you feel that when one of them was asked for the reason of his faith in Theodore Roosevelt, his easiest reply would be to paraphrase a famous sentence and answer: "We love him for the friends he has made!"



Scene in the convention hall at lunch time

And on finding the proper page he explained his views on the tariff. It was like two friends talking it over across a table.

Just as the enthusiasm on the second day was greater than that of the first, so the enthusiasm of the third day surpassed that of the other two. It was one jubilant, happy family party. It breathed forth victory and content, and it bristled with "headliners," "extra turns," with stirring music, with uplifting songs, with many rattling speeches.

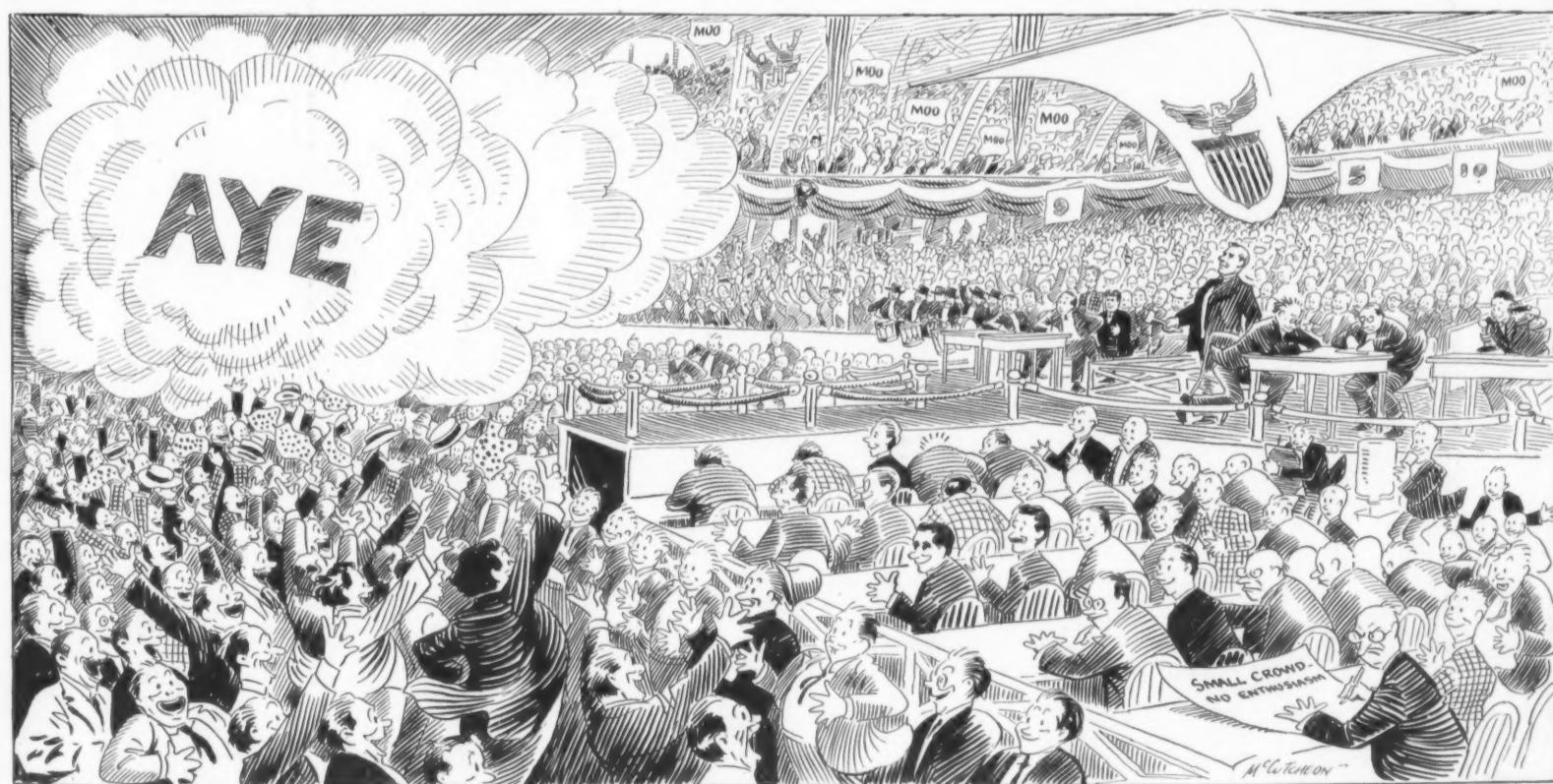
On the platform there was no repudiated Penrose whispering in the ear of the chairman and casting a bulky shadow; from the floor no sinister Barnes of "the invisible government" signaled commands to a steam roller. Even Flinn wore around his neck the red bandanna, and ate out of the hand.

It was a program of which each number was better than the last, a performance during which the enthusiasm and interest fed upon itself, in which everyone present—ex-Republicans, ex-Democrats, Independents, Progressives—played a part.

A cynical Taft man grudgingly congratulated Captain Granville Fortescue.

"You're to be complimented," he said, "on the best stage-managed convention I ever attended."

"This stage managed!" cried Fortescue. "If any one



The ayes appear to have it—The ayes have it!—When the Colonel was nominated by acclamation



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### Theodore Roosevelt and Hiram Johnson

*Who were named on Wednesday, August 7, by the first Convention of the National Progressive Party as its candidates for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States. One comes from the Eastern Coast and the other from the Western Coast. One has been Governor of New York, Vice President, and President; the other is Governor of California and seeks to be Vice President. Both are dynamic stump speakers*



# Armageddon at Chicago

By MARK SULLIVAN

**S**ENATOR BEVERIDGE'S was a most distinguished performance. He spoke over two hours; he never used the pronoun I; he never mentioned a stolen election; he stuck strictly to principles, and made only faint and infrequent appeals to emotion, and then only such as were well within the best standards of restraint in a highly intelligent gathering. He held the attention of his audience to every sentence, so that their interest was cumulative, and their applause increased steadily in frequency and enthusiasm; their attention to his last sentence was closer than to his first. The economic principles which form the whole body of modern politics are almost hopelessly complex; Senator Beveridge made them clear. He touched the hearts of many thousand men and women, and, through the impulse of his fervor which they carried home, appreciably stimulated a considerable portion of the nation to higher aspirations. A man who can do this is a national asset. There are not six men in the United States who could duplicate Senator Beveridge's performance in all its remarkable qualities; he is by far Indiana's best cause for pride, and the most important contribution that State has made to the nation for more than a generation.

#### A NEW KIND OF DELEGATE

**S**OME suggestion of the spirit which dominated the convention, and which was carried home by those who shared it, each to become in his own community a little outpost of high enthusiasm, is furnished by this extract from a poem written on the train returning from Chicago to New York by one of the delegates. The author is a young man named Joel Spingarn, who has been until recently a professor in Columbia University, an author of more than ephemeral distinction:

*"Like the Moslem home from Mecca, we have seen the sacred shrine;  
We have made a pilgrim's journey and bring back the word divine.  
We have tiptoed to the altar, we have opened up the door;  
Oh, the world will never seem to us the world it was before!"*

This type of delegate, who teaches comparative literature for a living, was never found in the old boss-controlled conventions. It would be impossible to conceive him, for example, in the delegation which Boss Murphy of Tammany Hall took to Baltimore, ninety men who surrendered their consciences and wills to the boss, and, like "wax figures," as Mr. Bryan described them, allowed Murphy to deliver them in a body according to such arrangements as he made with the other bosses. This more vital type of free delegate was common at the Progressive Convention, and was partly responsible for that flavor of thoughtful earnestness which measurably awed even those unsympathetic newspaper men who were sent to scoff. The earlier Republican Convention at Chicago had a serious atmosphere, too, for about half the delegates had come in the new spirit of the direct primaries, and the other half were under the shadow of strong and unscrupulous men, ruthlessly determined on a desperate act. The Democratic Convention at Baltimore, if it can be said without doing injustice to the exceptions, had at times and in the streets a

suggestion of houn'-dawg rowdiness. The three conventions, by the way, should not pass into history without a record of the fact that Baltimore's management was characterized partially by the most shiftless incompetence, partly by very alert and efficient grafting. No other national convention will be held in that city while the present generation lives to remember.

#### WHICH?

**T**WO of the delegates who served on the Platform Committee were William Draper Lewis and George W. Kirchwey, deans, respectively of the University of Pennsylvania Law School and of the Columbia University Law School. These men, therefore, are the heads of two of the three greatest institutions in the world for research into English law (the other is the Harvard Law School; no British institution compares with these three as fountains of learning in respect to the legal and constitutional traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race). These two men wrote, and one of them, Dean Lewis, read, to the convention this plank, which was adopted as part of the Progressive platform:

The Progressive party demands such restriction of the power of the courts as shall leave to the people the ultimate authority to determine fundamental questions of social welfare and public policy. To secure this end it pledges itself to provide:

That when an act passed under the police power of the State is held unconstitutional under the State Constitution by the courts the people, after an ample interval for deliberation, shall have an opportunity to vote on the question whether they desire the act to become law notwithstanding such decision.

This is Roosevelt's "recall of judicial decisions" which created such an outcry from the Standpatters when he first gave utterance to it at Columbus last winter. Now, as soon as the campaign gets going, there will be brought forward serried ranks of what are called "prominent lawyers" to denounce this plank as contrary to every tradition of English law. The term "prominent" has reference not to their legal learning but to their incomes. They are called "prominent lawyers" because they get very large fees and salaries, hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, for showing great corporations how to circumvent the people in courts and legislatures. They will be such prominent lawyers as those two servants of the same corporations who were the presiding officers of the Democratic and Republican Conventions respectively, Judge Parker and Senator Root. All the law that the prominent lawyers know was taught them by just such teachers as Dean Lewis and Dean Kirchwey; what they have acquired later has been merely the tricks and devices of the corporation practice. Now, when the debate is on, which are you going to follow? Will you believe those who have spent their lives in the study of legal institutions, who receive modest salaries, but prefer the rewards of scholarship and the service of truth? Or will you take the advice of those who are paid by the corporations to hand out just that kind of advice, who have spent their lives helping the corporations prevail over the people in courts, legislatures, and conventions, who are much less students of law than mere agents of big business? In the forward evolution of constitutional law, it

would be difficult to find men better equipped to guide this nation's footsteps than the deans of two of its three greatest law schools.

#### THE MENDACIOUS PRESS

**I**T WAS shrewd of Mr. Roosevelt to put into his formal convention speech, where they could hardly avoid printing it without appearing too obvious, his description of the activities of

Those Northeastern newspapers, including the majority of the great dailies in all the Northeastern cities—Boston, Buffalo, Springfield, Hartford, Philadelphia, and, above all, New York—which are controlled by or representative of the interests which, in popular phrase, are conveniently grouped together as the Wall Street interests.

Only an intimate observer can understand the fine shades and varieties of prevarication with which these papers labor to create a false and odious impression of Mr. Roosevelt and the Progressive party. And only the very well-informed can put their fingers on the motive in each case, or trace the relation to a threatened interest which is the "invisible government" of Beveridge's phrase. For one example, a contributor to the New York "Herald" several months ago, when the anti-third-term argument had more virility than now, noticed that every time he wrote "Mr. Roosevelt," those words were cut out and the words "third-term candidate" were substituted. The "Herald" is owned by a man who pleaded guilty and paid a fine of \$25,000 for printing advertisements which were a fundamental and highly remunerative part of the machinery of the white slave traffic, the prosecution having been brought during Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency by an appointee of his. It has remained, however, for the smug and respectable New York "Times" to achieve the unique distinction of telling the most brutal lie about Roosevelt in the most cowardly manner, a distinction in which "Harper's Weekly" is a modest second. The "Times's" treatment of Roosevelt barely exceeds the shamelessness of the Boston "Herald," which includes Governor Wilson in its opposition, and is conducting against him a most cowardly campaign of insinuation. The men ultimately responsible for the actions of the Boston "Herald" are four eminently respectable Bostonians who are trustees for the financial interests that own and use the paper. These are elderly men, but they may yet live long enough to see the quickly advancing ethical standards of the age refuse to admit that respectability, even in Boston where respectability is more largely a matter of conformance to conventionality than in most communities, is consistent with participation in this sort of thing.

#### UNDER THE "INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT"

**F**ROM Roosevelt's speech: "The first essential is the right of the people to rule. The people rule now in Fourth of July speeches."

#### THE GREATEST WOMAN IN AMERICA

**I**F, during the coming two months, every voter in the United States could be made to know about Jane Addams and understand her relation to the human race, her advocacy of Roosevelt would be recognized as the strongest single factor in the campaign.

# The District Attorney Finds Out

Billy Stratton Tells Her Story on a Mountainside Near the Culm Heaps

By ROBERT EMMET MACALARNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN

WILMOT HEMINGWAY was tired. He was experiencing a weariness born of work performed earnestly enough, but in which no joy had reposed. When he had accepted the nomination for the District Attorneyship he had dreamed dreams of justice expedited, of adducing Grand Jury evidence against influential lawbreakers that would inevitably indict, of putting the legal machinery of a great county into efficient running order. He had not contemplated giving up the first three months of his incumbency to a sensational murder trial, personally conducted because the yellow newspapers had invested it with an utterly fictitious importance—there was a woman in the case.

It had been a great chance for the "sob sister" brigade of the yellows, and the "sob sisters" had made the most of it; they usually do. The woman who was accused of having shot to death a ne'er-do-well in a taxicab, in the course of a ride back to town, after a champagne supper at a Bronx motor roadhouse, had been interviewed, and sketched, and sermonized over. The entire gamut of the saffron "covering" of a crime sensation had been run through; from the straightaway news stories, at the beginning, to the maudlin material manufactured when public interest sags and must be stimulated until the trial is begun. With the choosing of a jury, well-worn details may again be warmed over by the skillful "feature" reporter.

It had been nightmare to the young and unhardened prosecutor. But he had gone through it conscientiously—the production of the ne'er-do-well's widow, whose testimony was deemed of material importance, and final cross-examination of the defendant, when she was put upon the stand, to tell her own story, by the sharp-faced lawyer who had staged many a criminal drama; who knew the asset to just or unjust cause which lay in the tale of the weeping woman.

This same sharp-faced attorney always attended to details when he rang up the curtain on his last act. He discarded his customarily careless clothing to appear in frock coat that bore the fresh crease of the presser. He never failed to meet his client, in the tiny room where counsel may talk with prisoners, to inspect his "star." He had been known to send a woman back to her cell in hurried search for a white collar, if he fancied that a bit of white at the throat might add to her look of suffering. And he was expert in choosing the hue of a tie, wearing which defaulter or netted dummy director would best face twelve good men and true as they heard the judge's charge.

HE HAD staged the final scene of the drama in which Nell Stratton—late of "The Little Jade Joss" chorus—was starring effectively. "Billy" Stratton, as Broadway and the ne'er-do-well had called her, was an almost ethereal type, unusual enough in musical comedy. The sharp-faced lawyer had sent her upon the stand looking as much as possible like one of the strangely aloof creatures Dante Gabriel Rossetti used to paint.

So effectively had Billy Stratton obeyed her counsel's instructions that Beatrice Blarcom, the best "sob sister" of the "Evening Gloat"—"sob sisters" are frequently erudite young folk; Beatrice Blarcom (which was not her real name) had a Vassar diploma and illustrated her own stuff very capably—saw the resemblance at once. And the "Evening Gloat" tore a page out of a Rossetti book in the library, with that weird picture for which Dante Gabriel's wife posed, you remember. They printed the picture of Mrs. Dante Gabriel and the pho-



Then she drew from her breast the little outfit of the morphine user, holding it up that he might see

tograph of Billy Stratton side by side, with a five-column box coupling-pin essay by Miss Blarcom underneath. And the way the morning newspapers took the hint made the "Gloat" and Beatrice Blarcom feel that they had done something rather neat.

IT HAD been a great victory for the accused chorus girl and her sharp-faced lawyer. It gave the former her freedom and the ability to add twenty-five dollars a week to her salary when she returned to the stage; it lent definite kudos to the reputation of her counsel as a man who "always gets them off." The upper social crust of the Underworld, which is as much a stranger to the Bowery and the East Side as you and I are, talked of Billy Stratton for a whole week, and drank toasts in brut and sec to the confusion of all circumstantial evidence.

The afternoon of the day the chorus girl packed her hand bag with the few belongings she had been allowed to keep in her cell, when the emissaries of the theatrical managers, and the moving-picture agents' scouts, and the omnipresent "feature" reporters, tried to find her, she had vanished.

It indicated nothing to the disappointed newspaper men that the District Attorney also was missing from his office on the sixth floor of the Criminal Courts building. They did not even take into consideration intelligence that the widow of the ne'er-do-well had departed for a Western city, to forget and knot together the tattered shreds of her disillusionment. Even the best of Central Office detectives would not have regarded these separate facts as bearing one upon the other.

And yet such was the case. The three women who spin the thread of fate, only to cut it; who are painted on the court-room wall, just behind the judge's bench; at whom Billy Stratton had gazed fascinated while the jury was being charged that last day of her trial—the Parcae had ordained that widow, District Attorney, and acquitted chorus girl should become traveling companions.

WILMOT HEMINGWAY turned to his chief assistant, as he heard the foreman of the Stratton jury announce the verdict.

"I am going on a week's vacation, Mr. Barnum," he said. "I need a breath of clean air to wipe the fog of this trial away."

"You've worked hard, Mr. Hemingway," the assistant prosecutor had said. "The evidence was perfectly prepared. It is the Baker case all over again, another vic-

tory for Markstein and his excellent stage setting, that is all; but, nevertheless, it is a bit disheartening. It isn't that I wish to see a woman punished. But if one cannot secure criminal convictions, where does the fear of the law enter in?"

"I looked for a disagreement, not acquittal," said the District Attorney.

"That woman is guilty, Mr. Hemingway," the assistant prosecutor declared. "She had it written plainly behind the playacting of her eyes and features. But the jury would not read."

"I wonder," murmured Hemingway.

He was willing to abandon speculation as to that. It was ended. His real work lay ahead of him. He would have a week of breathing mountain air, of watching autumn tints in the maples, the deeper carmine of the sumac along the fences of the place in Pennsylvania he loved to visit twice a year—each spring and fall—to prowl over hillsides, a setter at his heels, with now and then a pot shot at a crow, just by way of awakening an echo in a region where there were so few men and animals that echoes were rare. The old caretaker would have the little farmhouse open. He would send a telegram at once. And he engaged, by telephone, passage upon an express which would whisk him to a familiar junction by noon the next day.

The widow of Richard Murray, ne'er-do-well, discovered that the best route to that Western city, where forgetfulness might be found, lay through the limited train which the District Attorney had chosen.

Billy Stratton, her new freedom still strange upon her, and eager to forget, also, must hasten toward a manager who had telegraphed, the day before: "You'll be acquitted. Seventy-five a week if you join in Buffalo. Your old part and no questions asked." And one of the three women whom she had stared at, limned on the plaster of the courthouse wall, decreed that she, as well as her prosecutor and the widow of the man whom she had been accused of killing, should reserve a section on the westbound limited.

WILMOT HEMINGWAY went into the dining car first, taking a seat at the near end. Mrs. Murray, pale, but wearing the same look of resoluteness which he had marked during her testimony, followed ten minutes later, sitting two tables ahead of him. Billy Stratton, quietly dressed, and without a hat, entered while the prosecutor was at coffee. She saw them both, for the waiter showed her to the only unoccupied place, on the left-hand side, across the aisle from Hemingway.

The astounding grimness of the tableau of which he found himself a part touched the District Attorney. He saw the drooping shoulders of the widow just ahead of him; he saw the familiar Rossetti-like curve of the chorus girl's throat. And he realized that Izzy Markstein, the sharp-faced lawyer who always "got his clients off," had merely accented a genuinely wistful manner.

There had been no need for Billy Stratton to prepare to act here. As she made a half-hearted pretense of ordering, he confessed that he was puzzled. He wondered what Mrs. Murray would do when she arose and found herself in the court room again, with the old ghosts walking.

Wilmot Hemingway did not believe in satisfying curiosity at the expense of his self-respect. So he called for a check and went back to his stateroom. Neither Mrs. Murray nor Billy Stratton were in his Pullman, the one next to the observation coach. For this he was grateful. He would have his breakfast sent to him. He would not make another trip to the dining car.

He had brought with him several Grand Jury reports to analyze—that clean air mountain week would not be begun until he caught a glimpse of the mud-splashed buggy waiting at the junction—and he was sitting up long after midnight, reading, when he felt the sickening halt and heave which unfailingly precedes the sound of splintering wood and groaning metal. As he forced his way from behind the buckled stateroom door and became one of the glut of passengers fleeing into the night, he knew that the forward coaches had borne the brunt of the accident. If the smash had caused the steel of the last cars to buckle, the crushing ahead must be complete.

**I**T WAS a night such as comes two or three times in every October. The piled-up trucks, the blaze already eating into the wreckage behind the engine, the shrieking men and women running along the rails, in search of family or friend—all of this was enveloped in clear starlight and an almost spring softness of air.

"The front cars are kindling wood," called a brakeman as he ran past. "The track must have spread with the rain last night. There's a bad grade here."

Wilmot Hemingway started to follow the brakeman, stumbling over the littered metals. His reflections clicked back to normal. He remembered Mrs. Murray and Billy Stratton. And, because the impulse of every red-coruscated man, in time of danger, is to save those at hand whom he knows best, he found himself fighting a desperate way to the heaped-up semblances of what had been perfectly appointed Pullmans. Instead of these two women being silhouettes thrown upon a screen for his puzzling over, they had become objects of a half-frantic quest. He heard the axes and crowbars, sharp punctuation marks in a long sentence of despairing outcry. And he saw a glimmer of lanterns far off to the right, as if carried by men running downhill over rough ground. The instinct of one who had often traveled this way in the daytime told him where the accident had occurred—near an anthracite mining "patch," where the shaft was driven deep into the flank of a mountain. At their left, then, must be the gorge with a stream tumbling through it, once a famous trout brook, but now yellowed and poisoned by sulphur water that the pumps sucked from the coal pockets. He knew how those few clinging Lithuanian shacks looked as the express skimmed by in the sunlight, hovels with roofs of loose, rusted tin; a settlement of human refuse—just as literally refuse as the culm heaped at the fence pickets of their filthy yards.

And then, while struggling among the wreckage he saw Billy Stratton. She was leaning from the broken window of a sleeper shouldered against the bank. Her face, in the wavering glare from burning wood, was

almost impassive as he fought to reach her. She must have been awake when the crash came, for she was as she had been in the dining car, save that one sleeve had been torn away. From finger tip to shoulder, Billy Stratton's right arm was as bare as when she used to lead her chorus companions in the second act of "The Little Jade Joss." She saw him almost as soon as he caught sight of her. The trainmen seemed to be working only to save those in the forward cars which the flames were threatening. But the lantern dots on the mountain side were coming nearer.

"Be careful, Mr. Hemingway!" she called. "Don't hurt yourself now. I need your help. I've managed to drag her this far."

The District Attorney did not need to be told about whom she was calling.

"Her section was at the other end of the car from mine," said the chorus girl. "And when the train went over, I managed to find her. She's unconscious, but I can lift her, I think."

She disappeared for a moment—in the babel of hissing steam, the thud of axes, and the incessant shouting. Hemingway was conscious only of a breathless silence. He seemed to hear nothing, to be listening for the sound of this girl's voice again. Then a flash of her bare arm waved him nearer. He saw the slight muscles tug beneath the white skin—the woodwork was blazing fiercely now—and, with a wrench that tore a straining sob out of Billy Stratton's slight body, she raised the shoulders of Mrs. Murray, wrapped in one of the green section curtains, to the level of the shattered window. As tenderly as he could, he drew the unconscious woman from the tottering car. Then he ran back.

"Take hold!" he called, stretching out both hands. As he spoke, the axes, smiting at the twisted couplings ahead, made the derailed Pullman reel. "Quick!" shouted the District Attorney. The girl leaped while the car rocked; he caught her from the clutch of jagged glass as it rolled over, with the sound of a felled tree, against the boulders.

**T**HE first of the lanterns was at hand. A miner, one of the alien thousands of the anthracite region, held it, eying the wreckage stupidly and jabbering in his native tongue as Hemingway knelt and discovered that Mrs. Murray was badly injured, indeed.

"She was caught in the broken berth!" cried the girl. "Oh, let us get her away from this before she awakens!"

Wilmot Hemingway knew that on the hill, somewhere to the right, whence the bobbing lantern had come, there was at least shelter. Waiting to find a doctor in the confusion would only be brutal. He touched the arm of the miner. "Up there! Take us up there," he said, pointing to the hillside. "Take us home! Your home!" He felt for his bill case and showed money to the stolid Lithuanian. "Good pay, if you take us home."

The man understood. He motioned to the girl, holding out the lantern. "A'right," he said. "A'right."

"He wants you to take the lantern," explained Hemingway. "He and I will carry her. We can see if you walk behind us."

And, with Billy Stratton following, they climbed the side of Red Ash Mountain, leaving the leaping flames, the sound of the axes, and the screams. It was a slow progress, with frequent rests after each outcrop of boulder had been passed. But they were approaching a light that did not bob up and down. One of the far-flung shanties of the "patch" was a few yards distant. The miner called:

"Nataya! Nataya! A'right! A'right!"

The door of the shanty opened; in the dull glimmer of kerosene Hemingway saw the miner's wife, as slim as Billy Stratton herself. She put the lamp upon the threshold and ran for-

"You see, you can't really understand my sort. I'm only what the papers called me, just a chorus girl of the lobster palaces"

ward with a crooning moan, the Lithuanian muttering to her as she snatched the lantern from the girl and led the way within.

They laid Mrs. Murray upon a grimy cot from which the mountain woman snatched a sleeping child. A moment later, Wilmot Hemingway, lacking in medical knowledge as every layman is, knew, none the less, that this widow of a slain ne'er-do-well would sleep even more soundly before daybreak.

**H**E STOOD up, and Billy Stratton, kneeling on the earthen floor of the hut, raised her head and questioned him with her eyes. She read the answer in his.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"It will be God's mercy if she never awakens," replied the District Attorney. The girl wondered at the gentleness in his tone. She had never heard him use that tone before. He had not used it in the court room. She put her head beside the face of the dying woman on the cot.

"She must get awake!" she sobbed. "She must." Then she drew from her breast the little outfit of the morphine user, holding it up that he might see. "I'll promise to put her to sleep again. She will not suffer; she will sleep away. But I want her to open her eyes, just for one minute. Let me alone with her—please."

Even the hovering Lithuanian woman seemed to understand. She whispered to her man, wrapped the sleeping baby in a shawl and pointed to the lantern on the floor. The miner took it. Hemingway watched them trudge down the hillside toward the flaring wreckage.

"Please!" Billy Stratton pleaded. "Unless there is some chance."

"There is no chance, Miss Stratton." The girl quivered as he spoke her name. "Even I can tell that. I hope she never awakens."

Billy Stratton arose, her bare arm sweeping toward him in anger. "I tell you she must get awake," she cried. "It is for her happiness. She must know before the end. Now go!"

Wilmot Hemingway shut the creaking door behind him. He felt, of a sudden, old and terribly tired. The bruises he had acquired in his fight through the barrier of shattered coaches throbbed in unison with his pity for the women he had left within. Far below, the burning cars showed rescuers at work like so many black ants. There could be no relief train for hours, he knew. It was cold on the mountain side.

**H**E PACED before the hovel, back and forth, as far as the narrow strip of level earth would permit, until the starlight began to pale, the flames of the blazing coaches changing from red to yellow. Then he heard the shanty door and the girl stood beside him.

"It is over?"

"I held her while she slept away," said Billy Stratton. The weariness seemed to slip from her voice. "And she did get awake." There was a ring of almost jubilation in the words. And again that bare white right arm was thrust at him. "I did what you could not have done for her, even if you made them keep me in a cell. I gave her back a little bit of happiness."

"It is chilly here," said the District Attorney. "It will be hours before we can arrange to leave. You will be ill. I will bring you wood for the fire. And when the relief train comes I shall come back for you—and for her."

"I daren't go inside again," said the girl. "I lied to her while she was dying. Her dead face might tell me she knew I had lied."

Hemingway strode through the hut door. When he came out he carried the torn sleeping-car curtain in which they had wrapped Mrs. Murray for the journey over the boulders. He threw it around Billy Stratton, who stood facing the far-off glow from the tracks, her young shoulders shaking, inarticulate noises forcing themselves from her throat.

"You will be ill, Miss Stratton," said Hemingway.

"Oh, don't try to be kind to me," cried the girl. "This isn't an awful dream that will be gone when the dawn comes. It is only something to add to the other thing that will live with me. Whatever you do to me, don't try to be kind. I lied to her. That was kind of me. But I owed her kindness."

"Come, if you walk up and down it will be better," urged Hemingway. He led her as far from the hovel as he could.

"Why don't you ask me what I told her?" said the girl. "You ought to want to know. You tried to have a jury sentence me."

"That was part of my duty," the District Attorney said. "That is all past now. You must think of me as you would think of any man friend who was trying to be of use to you."

**A**S WILMOT HEMINGWAY remembered it, they must have walked for hours, up and down the strip of ground on the mountain side, the girl faltering now and then, but shaking off his assisting grasp, and continuing to make those little, inarticulate throat sounds. Thus dawn found them.

The sun slid over the bare and gashed summit, touching the peaks of the culm mounds, the black coal particles sparkling like bits of broken glass. Beyond were the breakers, huge black spiders knee deep in the straggling culm hillocks. Almost at their feet, starved pines clung

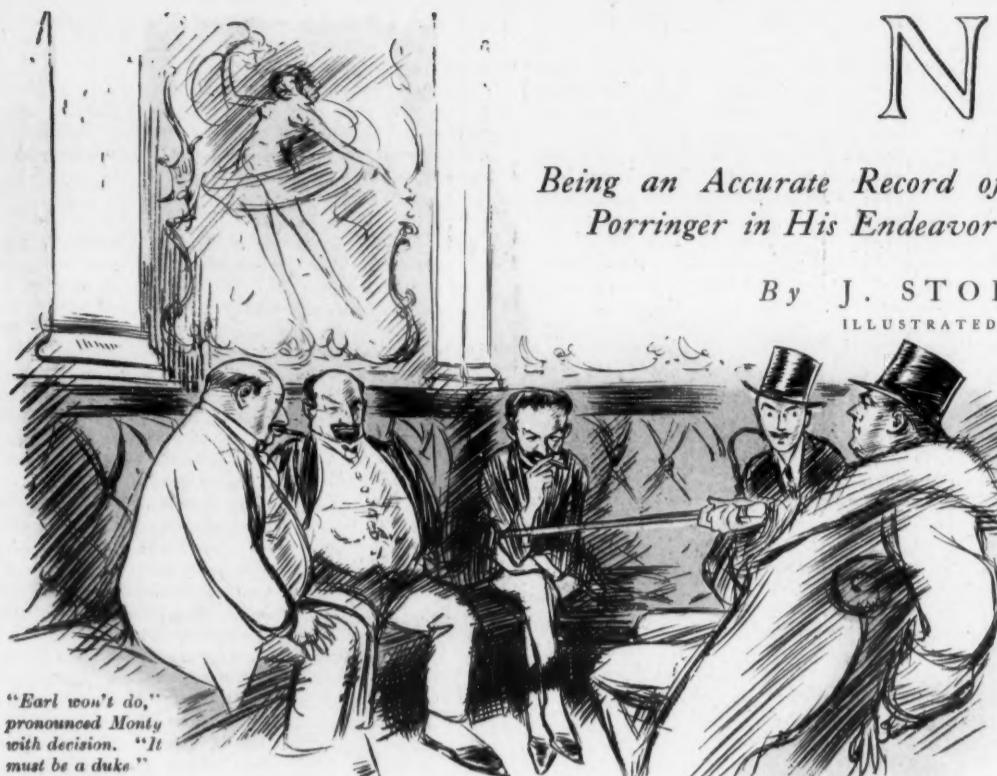


# Nobs

*Being an Accurate Record of the Experiences of Lord Montague Porringer in His Endeavor to Exploit the Nobility of England*

By J. STORER CLOUSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN



## II. A Real Duke

THE Hippolladium Palace of Varieties was approaching completion. "Nothing even distantly resembling this gorgeous Home of the Dramatic and Musical Arts has ever been seen before," the public were informed. Lest even this assurance should leave them unconvinced, the directors descended to particulars. The program was to be "unique"; "all the leading artistes" were already engaged, entirely regardless of cost; "weekly changes of program" were indicated. He who Tubed could read, and he who read no doubt believed (since a director never lies). Yet there was a shade of anxiety on the faces of Messrs. Samuel Wolfstein, Bartholomew Cohen, and Lewis Sonnenbach, which was even reflected in the youthful and usually optimistic countenance of their codirector, the Hon. Reginald Worpleston. Reginald had lately come into a competence of £300,000 on the death of a maiden aunt, and in a fortunate moment for the drama and himself had met Messrs. Wolfstein, Cohen & Sonnenbach. He happened to travel back in the same carriage with them from a race meeting, and, thanks to this lucky encounter, he had actually risen to be a director at the age of twenty-three, while his competence was safely invested in the Hippolladium instead of being riskily mixed up with consols.

THEY had assembled this morning in the palatial lounge of the newly finished Hippolladium. Everything around them was calculated to enchant the eye—more gilt, larger mirrors, thicker plush than you would see at the Collodrome, or Polyseum, as Mr. Wolfstein pointed out. But Messrs. Cohen & Sonnenbach shook their heads.

"It isn't enough," said Mr. Cohen.

"We want an attraction!" exclaimed Mr. Sonnenbach. Bartholomew assented emphatically.

"Those Collodrome people have got Little Willie the Toothless Whistler, and now the Polyseum have secured the Dancing Lhamas—we ought to have seen to getting them, Sam!"

"But surely we have lots of stars," said Reginald.

"Yes, but we want something tremendous to open with—something to smack 'em in the eye!" cried Mr. Sonnenbach.

Reginald grew decidedly gloomy. Three hundred thousand pounds was a lot to lose merely through not smacking the public's eye.

"That's just what my uncle said last night," he admitted. "I told him I didn't agree with him; but if you fellows think so too—"

He was interrupted by the entry into the lounge of a tall and portly young man, richly attired in a long fur coat, and bearing himself in such a lordly and confident manner that even the Hippolladium upholstery did not seem too splendid a setting for him.

"Here's the very man," cried Reginald. "How are you, Uncle Montague?"

LORD MONTAGUE greeted his nephew affectionately. He was introduced to Mr. Cohen, Mr. Wolfstein, and Mr. Sonnenbach, and bowed to them with such majesty that they were instantly reduced to a condition of the most affable servility.

"Well, my boy," he said to his nephew genially. "I've been thinking over our talk last night and I've got an idea for you. By the way, these gentlemen would perhaps be interested in my card."

The three brunettes bent over a neat gilt-edged summary of Lord Montague's qualifications. It was rather

different from his ordinary prospectus; being, in fact, the appeal of a business man to business men.

### PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

*Lord Montague Porringer begs to inform Messrs. — that he is in a unique position to supply them with a varied assortment of peers (lay and spiritual), baronets, and other notabilities, for commercial, dramatic, or political purposes. The lack of a trustworthy agency for bringing together the aristocrat and the consumer has been a long-felt want in business circles. This want is now supplied by Lord Montague Porringer, who begs to assure his customers that they can rely implicitly on his zeal and discretion. A guarantee given with every article. Rates on application.*

BUSINESS ADDRESS: 546A NEW BOND STREET.  
Telephone: 15506 Mayfair. Telegraphic Address: "Nobs."

"Now, gentlemen," said his lordship with a lively air, "I have a business proposition to lay before you. You want a special attraction for your opening night?"

All four directors cordially acquiesced.

"I notice that you advertise a 'Thrilling one-act drama,' entitled 'The Earl and the Heiress.'"

"That is so," said Mr. Cohen.

"Earl won't do," pronounced Monty with decision. "It must be a duke."

"I rather thought an earl wasn't classy enough," agreed Samuel.

"Precisely!" said his lordship. "For popular purposes earls may be described as three a penny. Now, here's my proposition. You make it a duke, and I'll get a real duke to play the part on the opening night. How's that?"

Inexperienced as Reginald was in catering for the taste of the public, even he could not withhold a murmur of appreciation. His three codirectors acclaimed as one man:

"Splendid!"

"You won't get him for nothing, of course," continued Monty, "and naturally I am not working solely for my health; but I think you'll find it money well invested."

The money being Reginald's, his fellow directors were in a position to consider this suggestion quite impartially. They assented instantly.

"We'll call it settled then?" said his lordship, glancing round the lounge, but perceiving with a sigh that the bar was not yet installed.

"But, I say, Uncle Montague," exclaimed Reginald, who had just recovered his breath, "can you possibly get a duke?"

"My dear boy," said his uncle reassuringly, "my father is a duke."

"You mean to get him?" gasped Reginald.

"Why should I let the salary go out of the family?"

"But—but—" stammered the young man, "he's far too old! The hero of the play is supposed to be twenty-five!"

Uncle Montague dismissed this objection with the contempt it deserved.

"The play will be rewritten round the guv'nor. For instance, here's a rough idea—old duke wants to marry young heiress—she objects—in love with poor but gallant cavalry officer—duke determines to abduct her—hides under her bed—springs out at two in the morning—whips her out of bed—chloroforms her, drags her toward window—enter cavalry officer with a pistol—Bang, bang! Duke falls dead, cavalry officer succeeds to dukedom, and marries heiress. Curtain!"

Mr. Cohen, Mr. Wolfstein, and Mr. Sonnenbach applauded rapturously; but Reginald seemed affected by rather different emotions.

"Do you mean to say grandpapa will play that part?" he exclaimed.

"Leave him to me," said his Uncle Montague confidently.

THE Duke of Southport gazed at his son with lack-luster eyes.

"I don't like the idea, Montague," he protested. "No, hang it, I don't like it!"

"Can you afford to refuse?"

"But—but—money earned like that, Montague? None of my family have ever done such a thing before!"

They were sitting in the stately library of Porringer Hall, surrounded by many evidences of their ancestral greatness. Here in a glass case was displayed the dainty slipper of the first duke's mother, by which, it was said, the royal eye of King Charles II was first allured. There hung the epaulets in which the sixth duke declared the Porringer to Peascodd railway open. In such surroundings it was small wonder his grace should appeal to the historic traditions of his famous race.

"It is time we began," said his son. "We must move with the times, guv'nor."

"Move!" cried the Duke in a husky voice. "But, my boy, I call this galloping!"

"It is your place to take the lead."

His grace seemed a little impressed with this view of his responsibilities; yet his air remained gloomy.

"But, Montague," he argued, "hitherto, whatever my shortcomings, I have at least remained dignified. Can I remain dignified on the music-hall stage?"

"You will become funny," his son replied, "which, personally, I consider an advantageous exchange."

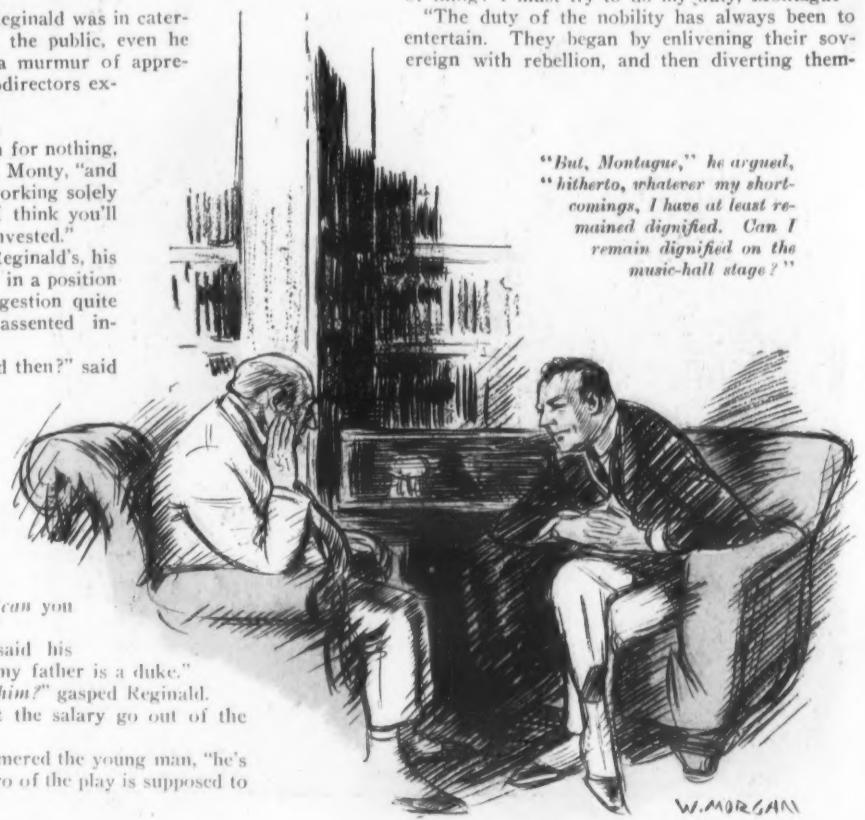
"I don't think I have ever been funny before," said the Duke dismally.

"Never," said Monty with conviction. "Just think of that, guv'nor—getting a new sensation at your time of life!"

"But what about *noblesse oblige* and that sort of thing? I must try to do my duty, Montague!"

"The duty of the nobility has always been to entertain. They began by enlivening their sovereign with rebellion, and then diverting them-

*"But, Montague," he argued,  
"hitherto, whatever my shortcomings,  
I have at least remained dignified. Can I  
remain dignified on the  
music-hall stage?"*



selves as statesmen, and when people got tired of that, as bloods. And what is their function now? They amuse the traveling public by going to balls in fancy clothes, keeping refreshment stalls at charity bazaars, marrying musical-comedy stars; and always getting photographed afterward. "Gov'nor" (the young man looked exceedingly grave), "it's up to you to do your duty!"

"This is such a new way of putting things," murmured his grace. "Hitherto I have always looked upon these performances of my fellow peers with a certain amount of disapprobation. Are you quite sure the public really approves?"

Montague looked at his parent with a mixture of pity and amazement.

"My dear father, do you suppose that in these Socialistic days they would permit us to exist for six months longer if we didn't entertain them? And let me tell you that their demands are getting more and more exacting. Even Lord Gosling hasn't been divorced often enough for some people's taste! Even Lady Clarence Ewart Dickinson danced with too much on to satisfy some critics! Come, come, father; this timidity is unworthy of your order!"

For a few moments his grace meditated in silence. Then he inquired:

"What is the precise salary they offer?"

**D**ELICACY forbids that we should follow this high-born pair through the sordid details of finance. It is sufficient to say that Lord Montague returned to town with an even more satisfied smile than usual.

He left behind him a resigned rather than exhilarated peer. As a rule the Duke confided even his lightest worries so frankly to his Duchess that by evening at latest she was in a state of equal discomfort with himself. On this occasion, however, he seemed at particular pains to avoid her society. For three days he carried his secret veiled by an affectation of merely agricultural depression. But on the fourth it leaked out.

"My dear Maximus," exclaimed the Duchess that morning, "I really do think the world must be coming to an end! Here is some dreadful music hall actually advertising that it is going to have a play on the opening night called 'The Duke and the Heiress' with a real duke playing the part!"

He started perceptibly but retained his presence of mind.

"It seems—er—rather unusual," he replied.

"Unusual?" she cried. "I call it disgusting!"

Looking at her with an expression in which reproof was mingled with a trace of apprehension, he answered in a low voice but quite distinctly:

"I am playing that part, Maria."

She stared at him for a moment in dead silence, and then gave vent to a piercing shriek.

"See a doctor at once—at once, Maximus!" she cried.

The offended peer rose majestically and left the room. As he went out he observed with frigid dignity:

"I do not see why I should not act with at least as much success as persons who have not enjoyed my advantages."

Yet his wife's words had disturbed him, and he was still sitting in an attitude of dejected meditation when his typewritten copy of the impending drama arrived by post. He put on his spectacles and with hands that trembled a little turned over the pages.

Ten minutes later he burst into the Duchess's boudoir.

"Maria!" he cried. "Let us fly to Achnadoch—quick, before Montague can catch me!"

Achnadoch was his grace's shooting lodge in the outer Hebrides. It enjoyed weekly communication with the mainland and stood twenty-seven miles from the pier. Yet even there the Duke seldom ventured down from the mountains till nightfall.

**T**HE only calm man was Monty. Samuel, Bartholomew, and Lewis, inured to commercial vicissitudes though they were, seemed paralyzed by the dreadful blow; even Reginald's optimistic spirit was damped, and all four showed a distinct tendency to blame the firm of "Nobs."

"But why did you ever tell us you could get him?" cried Bartholomew.

"We can get damages—yes, damages out of you!" shrieked Samuel.

Lord Montague's smile remained unruffled, his confidence serene. One could hardly believe he had just lost a father.

"I'll get you another duke," he said soothingly.

"But the play!" cried Reginald. "It was written for grandpapa!"

"My dear boy," replied his uncle with his most benignant smile, "leave everything to me; I've thought of another plot already—a plot that will fit any duke. Go on advertising; only leave a blank for the duke's name till the night."

Yet when he parted from the four directors and sat down to a close and intense study of the "Peerage," Lord Montague became unusually serious.

"At the outset of a career," he said to himself gravely, "one failure may be fatal."

At length his eyes fastened upon a name and he smiled again. Then with an air of quiet resolution he left his office and drove to his club.

The young Duke of Leamington was said to be the most dangerous Lothario in London. It is true that Nature had considerably covered him with warning

notice boards: "Ladies, beware!" was written in his bold blue eyes, in his waving hair, in his crisp mustache, in his shining hat, in his gleaming boots, in his alluring smile; yet in spite of her precautions, his list of conquests daily lengthened. One would think no happier duke could possibly be discovered; yet his grace was not an absolutely contented peer. The divine Aminta Deering remained unconquered. It is true that he had half a dozen photographs of this bewitching lady on his walls, as she had appeared in her most applauded parts, and that he did not contradict the frequent insinuations of his friends; yet, alas! the Duke was only too poignantly aware that her mother never left Aminta for twenty minutes out of sight.

**I**T WAS in this dark hour that his grace had the great good fortune to make the acquaintance of Lord Montague Porringer. It took Monty exactly forty minutes to convert acquaintance into intimacy; with the deepest sympathy he learned of his young friend's trouble, and by the following afternoon he had relit the torch of hope. Miss Deering had been engaged to play in a drama at the Hippolladium, he informed the Duke; and, thanks to certain occult influence with the management, he was able to promise him within a few days a rare opportunity of improving his acquaintance with the tantalizing Aminta.

It was a great satisfaction to his grace that in return for the renewed happiness he now enjoyed he was able to feel that his own society was doing dear Monty no end of good. A certain worried and searching look (as if he were always seeking something) had entirely vanished and given place to an air of contentment and a satisfied look (as if he had at last found something).

"On Saturday night," said Monty, and the Duke of Leamington forthwith postponed two engagements, and visited a complexion specialist for a couple of hours on each of the intervening days.

On the momentous evening Lord Montague dined

affair, the Duke was led through narrow passages and up and down one or two stairs, till at last their guide paused before a door.

"She's in there!" whispered Monty.

**H**IS grace gave his mustaches a last twirl, Monty gently opened the door, and with a conqueror's air the Duke of Leamington entered.

The applause was terrific, so prolonged and thunderous that the conquering air entirely deserted the stunned débutant. There indeed was the ravishing Aminta, awaiting him with literally open arms, but her apartment was so entirely different from anything his brightest dreams had anticipated. It was remarkably like a very large stage, and on it, besides the fair Aminta, stood a gentleman in an opera cloak and that particular brand of black mustache immemorially associated with villainy. His grace glanced toward the side whence came the applause, and his opera hat fell from his palsied hand. It was a stage.

As soon as the applause had subsided, the drama proceeded thus:

**LADY GWENDOLEN** [played by Miss Aminta Deering]. (*Crossing R. with an air of mingled concern and affection.*) Leamington!

**DUKE OF LEAMINGTON** [played by the Right Honorable his grace the Duke of Leamington]. (*Shrinking backward slightly.*) Er—what?

**LADY GWENDOLEN.** (*In a supplicating voice.*) Why so cold, dear Leamington?

**DUKE.** Oh, dash it! (*Turns and endeavors to reopen door, without success.*)

**LADY GWENDOLEN.** Leamington! You must not leave me! (*Puts her arm tenderly through his and draws him gently but firmly toward the footlights, C.*)

**DUKE.** (*With an air of some offense.*) I say—confound it!—what the deuce is the meanin' of all this?



**Lady Gwendolen.** (*With passionate appeal.*) No, no! You must not leave me! I still love you fondly, Leamington! I have been true to you!

**LADY GWENDOLEN.** I swear I have not deceived you! (*Indicating the other gentleman.*) Sir Charles forced his way into my apartment!

**DUKE.** (*Irritably.*) I don't care a hang if he did. (*Looking round wildly.*) How do I get out of this place?

**LADY GWENDOLEN.** (*With passionate appeal.*) No, no! You must not leave me! I still love you fondly, Leamington! I have been true to you!

**SIR CHARLES.** (*Cynically.*) Ha, ha! Looks like it, doesn't it, Leamington?

**DUKE.** (*Startled and with extreme hauteur.*) I don't think I have the pleasure of knowin' you, sir.

**SIR CHARLES.** (*With remarkable jocularity for a bad baronet.*) Don't you, cocky? I don't think!

Laughter and applause.

**DUKE.** (*Stunned afresh by this demonstration.*) Oh, I say—damn it!

Louder laughter and tumultuous applause, which has the effect of reducing Duke to a state of trembling stupor.

**VOICE OF PROMPTER.** Wake him up!

**SIR CHARLES.** (*Approaching Duke.*) Cheer up, old cockolorum!

(Concluded on page 25)



*It is his humble way of saying: "Welcome to our city"; of helping you to get acclimated*

### Part I

**N**EW YORK next stop!"

The Afro-American gentleman in the Pullman uniform falls upon you with his whisk and brushes from your clothes—some money. It is his humble way of saying: "Welcome to our city"; of helping you to get acclimated, so that when our parasitic population pounces on you with all sorts of services you don't desire, you'll follow the metropolitan custom and reach for your change pocket instead of your gun pocket.

Presently your train stops with a long, whimpering sigh, which seems to say: "I wouldn't dump a lot of trusting strangers in New York like this, but I need the money." That is the New York point of view; try to get accustomed to it. We all know that "it's a shame to take the money," and taking it, protest half-apologetically that "we need it in our business."

You and Dulcine alight. You pass your two small hand bags to a station porter. You carried them to the train yourself when you left home, but this isn't home, this isn't anybody's home; it's just New York. And in New York one hands one's bags to porters, just to show—well, just to Show.

**T**AXI? Certainly! Close as the hotel is, you mustn't let people think that you are close too. It would never do to arrive at the hotel on foot. They'd think that you were trying to save money. Save money, indeed! You, a free-born American! Like to see anybody try to compromise you like that!

So the station porter takes your little bags to the taxi and gets *his*, and the taxi driver drives you and your little bags to the hotel and gets *his*, and the carriage starter (in a uniform copied from that worn by King George at the Durbar) helps you and your little bags out and gets *his*, and the bell boy sweeps down like a wolf on the fold, carries your bags in, waits while you register and give your trunk checks to the porter, shows you to your room, unlocks the door, and sets the bags upon the table. You reach in your pocket for a dime, but the bell boy suspects you. He is afraid that it will be a dime. Therefore, before the coin is passed, he leaps to the windows and regulates the shades. If they are down he lets them up; if up he pulls them down. Then he regards them, critically, to see that they balance. All this extra attention has placed you under added "obligations" to the bell boy. The dime won't do. Make it a quarter.

"Thank-you-sir. Anything else, sir?"

"Yes; some drinking water and change for this fiver—bring plenty of small silver."

"Yes, sir."

He departs. You and Dulcine unpack the little bags that have been carried by so many hands. Presently there comes a rap at the door.

"Come in!"

**I**T PROVES to be a boy with the change—another boy. He holds the silver salver patiently while you collect the smaller coins—all but a couple of them which you leave upon his tray. With five whole dollars of one's money in plain view one must be rather liberal.

"Thank-you-sir."

# Welcome to Our City

*Its a Shame to Take the Money, But We Need It in Our Business*

By JULIAN STREET

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

"Where's that drinking water that I ordered?"

"It'll be right up, sir."

"Have my trunks come?"

"I'll find out and let you know, sir."

"Oh, no," you say, hurriedly correcting the slip. "You needn't let me know. Just tell the porter to hurry them up when they come."

"Yes, sir."

He exits. At once there comes another rap.

"Come!"

It is a boy with the ice water—still another boy. He empties it into the pitcher on your table.

"Anything else, sir?"

"Yes. I want these clothes pressed before dinner." You indicate your dress suit, lying on the bed.

"Yes, sir. I'll send the valet," replies the boy, eagerly regarding your right hand.

"Very well." The hand doles out a dime. The boy departs.

The porter now arrives, wheeling your two trunks upon his little truck.

Grunting and perspiring, as only hotel porters can, he places them against the wall and undoes the snaps and straps. Had you not been in your room when he arrived, he would have dumped them, locks to the wall, and gone away.

"There, sor!" he puffs, wiping from his brow the beads of perspiration which hotel porters can summon as emotional actresses summon tears. You can't exchange a dime for so much moisture. The ante, this time, is a quarter.

"Thank ye, sor." He exits just in time to let the valet in.

"Have these clothes pressed before dinner," you order.

"And my dress, too," puts in Dulcine, who has opened her trunk and taken out a wrinkled evening gown.

The man takes up your suit.

"I'll send the maid for the lady's dress," says he, departing.

The maid arrives.

"What time do you want the dress, ma'am?" she asks.

"About five," replies Dulcine. "If I'm not here just leave it on the bed."

"Yes, ma'am," says the maid, restraining her desire to laugh. Leave it on the bed, indeed! Does the lady think that we maids don't "need the money"?

"What show shall we go to?" you ask the companion of your trips and tips, who has been peeping over your shoulder to see how much you hand each menial.

"Let's look over the list in the newspaper," Dulcine suggests. Then, as you move toward the telephone: "Oh, don't send for the paper, dear. That would only mean another tip. Go down and get it yourself."

"Well, suppose it does mean another tip," you reply, with some irritation. "Didn't we come to New York to have a good time? You don't want me to be stingy, do you?"

"Do as you please, dear," she replies, in sadly saccharine tones, gazing out of the window with unseeing eyes.

You give a grunt and hasten from the room. It is so much easier to run away from them than to apologize; and they're so forgiving, anyhow, when you come back. As you descend in the elevator you reflect that there really might be something in all this talk of woman suffrage but for the fact that the dear creatures are so infernally emotional.

By purchasing your paper at the hotel news stand you save a matter of eight cents. You might have saved another

cent by stepping just outside the door and buying of a newsboy.

You see, the companies that operate the news stands pay big rentals for the privilege, so, of course, they "need the money." It is obviously quite different with the newsboys in the streets!

**T**AKing your two-cent one-cent paper, you return to your Dulcine.

"Well, dear; here's the paper. Now what would you like to see?"

After scanning the list, Dulcine remarks that she has heard a lot about "The Garden of Allah."

There! Isn't it just like a woman to hit on something serious when you've brought her to New York for a good time? Isn't life serious enough without seeing serious plays?

"Well," you say in a resigned tone, "of course if you want to see this 'Garden of What's-His-Name,' why, I suppose that goes." Then you heave a heavy sigh.

"Oh, no, dear!" puts in Dulcine, quickly. "I don't want to see it unless *you* do."

"We can find something that will suit us both," you say.

"Of course there's the grand opera—" says Dulcine.

Now listen to that! Can you beat a woman? No, you can't, much as you'd like to! However, you can groan, and you do.

"Pick out something *you'd* like, dear," she says, handing you the paper. "I'm sure I'll like what you do."

**Y**OU accept the apology and glance over the list. "How would you like to see 'The Giddy Widow'?" you suggest. "The ad says 'tuneful music, clever comedians, beauty chorus.' That ought to be good, I should think?"

Dulcine assents so sweetly that you forgive her all. Is it not the part of man to be magnanimous?

"All right, dear," you say cheerfully, bestowing an approving pat upon her shoulder blade. "If it suits you, I'm sure it will suit me. I'll run out and get the tickets."

You do run out. You go to the box office of the theatre. Inside the little window is a man with the facial expression of a bored cotillion leader—a social favorite who has stepped in from his afternoon stroll



*And in New York one hands one's bags to porters, just to show—well, just to Show*

on Fifth Avenue to help out a friend for a minute or two.

"Two good ones for to-night?" you inquire.

"Orchestra?" he asks. "Hang it! If you were a New Yorker he would never have asked that."

"Certainly!"

"Nineteenth row," he replies in an icy tone, which seems to add: "Under the balcony, behind a post."

"Do you think I could pick up a pair of good ones somewhere?" you plead.

"Couldn't say," says the box-office man, raising his eyebrows slightly, and gazing past you at a girl who is standing in the lobby. "Might try the hotels." He yawns slightly behind his hand and turns away. Clearly, the interview is ended.

**I**N THE "good old days" you might have bought your seats of a greedy, greasy pirate just outside the theatre door. Fortunately, however, the speculators spoiled their own game. If they did not actually kill that greatest of all golden-egg-laying geese, the theatre-going New Yorker, they buttonholed him, jostled him, and robbed him, until even the cynical Mr. James Metcalfe, dramatic critic of "Life," started a crusade against them, which ended in their downfall. Not so, however, with the shrewd persons who "accommodate the public" by operating the hotel news stands. They get the best seats in the theatres and sell them to you at a little increase of 25 per cent, dividing the graft with the theatre managers. Who minds a graft of 25 per cent? No one but a "tight-wad," a "cheap skate," a "dead one." Terrible epithets, those, in our town, designating as they do a man with little money, or, worse still, a saving disposition. But they have their complimentary antitheses in terms of glory, such as "good fellow," "spender," "live one." Ah! but it is fine to be a "live one!" To take your fifty-cent cigar between your teeth, thrust out your jaw, look the world of Broadway and Fifth Avenue square in its fishy eyes, and say: "Damn the expense! Nothin' too good fer me! I got the price, I have!"

You return to the hotel and purchase the desired seats from the lovely lady back of the onyx news stand. She is more gracious than the box-office man, perhaps, but, like him, she has the air of an aristocrat masquerading, momentarily, as a working girl. The fact is that New York is always masquerading. Our shop girls have a blasé, indifferent manner which they acquire from the wealthy or pseudo-wealthy women whom they serve. Our young clerks imitate those admirable beings, the sons of millionaires, as reflected by the yellow journals. Our real millionaires' sons imitate wine agents, and our real millionaires imitate the aristocracy of Europe, while their wives and daughters imitate, in the matter of dress and artificial color, the upper half of the Parisian half-world. The rest of us dress in imitation linen, wool, and silk, and lead imitation lives in imitation homes with imitation marble entrance halls.

**F**ROM the news stand you go down to the hotel barber shop. The "brush boy" (who rents the privilege from the barber shop proprietor, who rents the privilege from the hotel management) takes your hat and coat. The barbers who are not already occupied with customers leap to their chairs and regard you with eager and appraising eyes. You select the one who looks least like a Malay pirate.

"Hair cut?" he asks as you get into his chair.

"Shave."

He looks at you as though deciding to give you a throat cut, tips you back and lathers you.

"Manicure?" he presently inquires, having noticed that you rolled your eyes when the blond manicure undulated past the chair. You wouldn't mind being manicured if Dulcine didn't always notice that your nails were shiny.

"No."

**T**HE barber now starts wondering if, after all, you really are a gentleman. As he plies the razor he begins to tell you all about a "cheap skate" who came in and didn't tip him. There is a subtle flattery in this; an implication that, of course, you aren't a "cheap skate." You're a gentleman.

Anyone can see that with half an eye! Now, as you value your face, be careful. Do not let the barber know that you are pleased to hear that some one had the nerve to leave him tipless. Pretend to be indignant.

"Facial massage?" he suggests as his razor makes the last few touches.

"No."

He slams you into a sitting position.

"Hair tonic?"

"No."

The barber has a dismal conviction that his tip will be ten cents. A ten-cent tip is barely satisfactory. Fifteen is better. A quarter and you become a gentleman. The brush boy helps you into your coat and brushes while you pay the check. You might give him a nickel if you were a "tight-wad," but a dime is *comme il faut*.

Leaving the barber shop you go into the wash room. Here an Italian or a Greek, whose hands are covered with shoeblocking, has placer-mining rights. As you reach out to turn on the water he pushes you out of the way and does it for you. Having filled the bowl, he tests its temperature with a hand which would defile an ocean, let alone a wash basin. Above the basin is a shelf intended to hold towels. But no towels are there. No, indeed! The boy has the towels securely put away in a private safe-deposit vault in the corner, where you cannot get one for yourself.

When you wish to dry your hands he gets one out, unfolds it and lays it in your grasp. As you use it, he sets to brushing you, standing close, and watching you like some beast of prey, prepared to spring the instant that you try to run.

**Y**OU have just been brushed in the barber shop. You don't want to be brushed again. You hate to be brushed. Never mind. Give up. For in New York you're at the mercy of the Greeks, Italians, Russians, Irish, French, and Swiss, and there is no American consul to appeal to.

You step into a rapid-fire elevator and are silently shot to the upper regions. Dulcine awaits you. It is time to dress.

You ring for the valet and the maid, obtain from them your freshly ironed clothing, tip them, and adorn yourself for dinner and the theatre. Then, together, you descend to the ground floor.

The principal restaurant of the hotel is called the palm room—in honor, doubtless, of a certain marvelous



You reach in your pocket for a dime, but the bell boy suspects you. He is afraid that it will be a dime. Therefore, before the coin is passed, he leaps to the window and regulates the shades

dexterity possessed by the head waiter. As you and Dulcine approach the portals you see a crowd of people struggling for the privilege of getting in and spending money.

The more they struggle the more they are held back by a cordon of head waiters, and the more they are held back the more eager they become to enter and have their golden fleeces painlessly removed.

**T**HE quest of the palm room is like some quest in Greek mythology. There are all sorts of obstacles to be overcome. First among them are the hat snatchers, who maintain their gauntlet just outside the door—swarthy, spidery lads, lurking in the shadows of the rows of overcoats, whence they pounce out to snatch your headgear and your outer garments. Hat snatching has come, in the last dozen years or so, to be a business by itself. It was started, I believe, when Sherry's was started, since which time it has steadily progressed.

Impudent, ignorant Greek or Russian boys are usually employed to do the actual snatching, at wages of \$25 to \$30 per month, plus uniforms in which there are no pockets. And there is a "captain," at \$60 per month, to see that they don't hide their tips in their shoes.

It is reported that, even with these precautions, the boys manage to make off with some of their padrone's graft, and I shall not be surprised if in the Hotel Knickerbocker, where the game has been particularly aggravated, the uniforms are abandoned in favor of utter nakedness, according to the latest Kaffir diamond mining mode.

**L**IKE the men-at-arms who served the robber barons of old, these boys do the actual dirty work of plundering, but don't participate in the ill-gotten gains, save perhaps the "captain," who sometimes gets a little share.

It is the "man higher up"—the padrone, head hat snatcher, or hat bandersnatch—who rents the right to work the checking graft and takes the profits. According to the New York "Times," the annual rentals paid to some of the best known hotels and restaurants are as follows:

Hotel Knickerbocker and Louis Martin's, \$9,000 each; Churchill's, \$6,000; Rector's, the Café Madrid, and the Café des Beaux Arts, \$3,000 each; Plaza Hotel, \$2,000.

Figures given by the New York "World" are considerably larger (it's the nature of the beast), and include a droll computation whereby a man's hat, originally costing \$5, costs, in the end, as much as that of his wife, whose headgear is not snatched from her and checked.

**H**AVING passed the hat snatchers, you and Dulcine begin to jostle with the silk-stockinged bread line at the Palm Room portal.

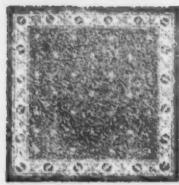
There is a cord across the doorway to keep the eager rich from getting in too easily. And there is a traffic squad of head waiters, just inside the cord, who are trafficking in tables. All the tables are marked "Reserved."

This merely means that they're reserved for "live ones."

END OF PART I



There are all sorts of obstacles to be overcome. First among them are the hat snatchers, who maintain their gauntlet just outside the door—swarthy, spidery lads, lurking in the shadows of the rows of overcoats, whence they pounce out to snatch your headgear and your outer garments



# The Bull Moose Call

*A New Sound in American Politics and Those Who Answered It*



By ARTHUR RUHL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

THE solitary traveler, walking down Michigan Avenue on the evening of August 4—a surprisingly cool evening, like October, with a fresh breeze from the lake—might have had his attention attracted, as the novelists used to say, by the number of red bandannas.

They were knotted about the straw hats or the sleeves of the delegates to the new party's convention, which met the following morning, and they gave to these gentlemen a noticeable dash and out-of-doorness, an air of brisk adventure. They looked, as they drifted about the lobby of the Congress Hotel or into the State headquarters, less like the characteristic fauna of political conventions than ordinary suburban Americans just in from a country club.

And, indeed, they were different. There were almost no officeholders among them—almost none of those old-

and said Mr. White—one of the framers of the new party's platform and a man whom none, in these later years, would accuse of levity—"This best expresses the spirit of the occasion, the chivalric high romance of the time. This is the true romance!"

THERE was little of the usual irrelevant noise down town on the morning the convention opened. There was only one band in sight, and this instead of standing in a circle in the smoke-filled lobby of the Congress Hotel, pounding out "The Gang's All Here," was away down by the Art Museum, in front of those bronze lions with the ebullient tails, melodiously piping at the head of a delegation of women. They were escorting to the convention hall its one figure perhaps—next to the protagonist himself—of greatest interest and significance.

Some were girls in cap and gown, some "our very

Raymond Robins, for instance—more or less inclined toward Socialism. There were a good many women delegates, of the most suffragist type. And then there was the general background, the rank and file, so to speak—newspaper men, lawyers, business men, farmers, young men who a few years ago were rowing or playing football, including several of those who went down from Harvard to Cuba with Colonel Roosevelt's regiment. It was a crowd with quicker nerves, a more open mind, more active spirituality, than such gatherings usually have—at once so divided in its origins and experience, and united in a common hope and enthusiasm, as to open up possibilities as interesting and puzzling as they were unlimited.

Well, here they had all come at last to the same great hall out of which the Colonel and his followers bolted a few weeks ago. His picture, hung high up on the north wall over the band, looked across the Coliseum to those of Washington, Lincoln, and Jefferson, and on the other two walls Hamilton and Jackson faced each other. The Colonel himself was shut up in the Congress Hotel waiting for the morrow. On the aisle, a few rows from the front, sat former Senator Beveridge, youthful, slightly flushed, eyes closed, gathering inspiration or rehearsing the paragraphs of his two-hour opening speech.

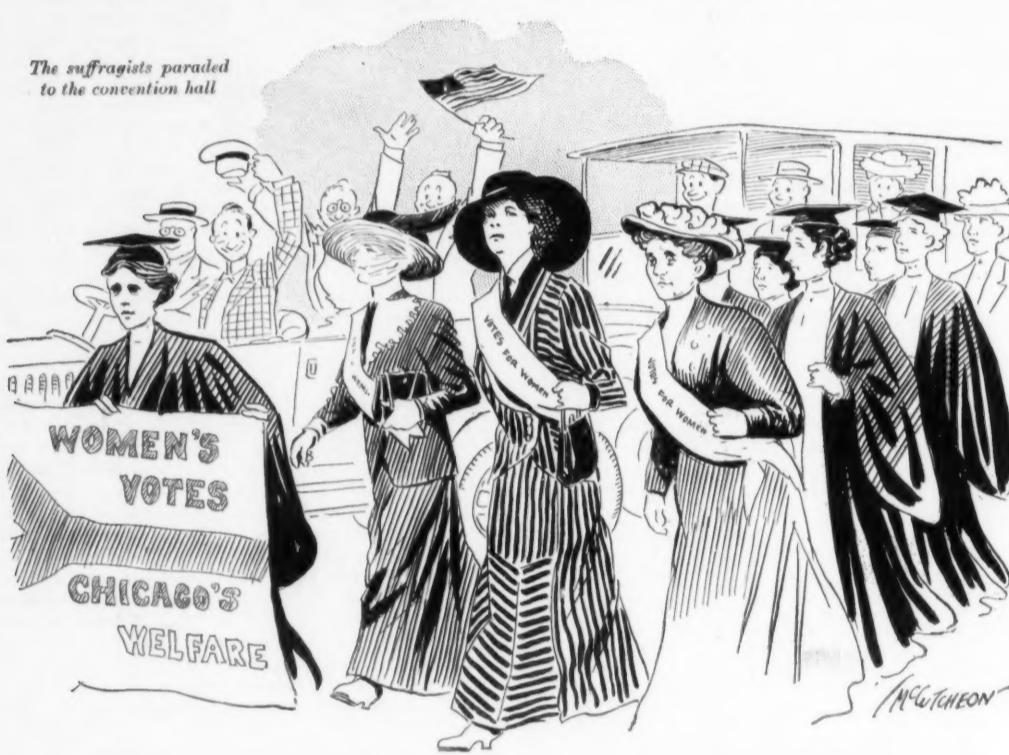
**S**ENATOR BEVERIDGE began his keynote speech—"We stand for a nobler America. We stand for an undivided nation. We stand for a broader liberty, a fuller justice. We battle for the actual rights of man . . ."

It was not an easy task they had set this immensely serious young man from Indiana—to get the thing started, right or wrong, was wholly up to him. There was real dramatic uncertainty in the moment—an uncertainty which his straightforward categorical sentences, clanging steadily away, seemed to meet and satisfy. "This party has grown from the soil of the people's hard necessities. It has the vitality of the people's strong convictions. The people have work to do, and our party is here to do that work . . ."

It was a strange experience to hear the chairman of a national convention talking the same sort of frank criticism that people have read for years in editorials and intelligent political novels—that "party victories have come to mean merely the people's vengeance"; that it is the "invisible government" behind the visible government which really rules. There were balanced sentences which landed with excellent effect—that about the Southern Democrats, for instance, "they vote a dead issue and a local fear, not a living conviction and a national faith," or "child workers at the looms in South Carolina means bayonets at the breasts of men and women workers in Massachusetts who strike for living wages."

Mr. Beveridge spoke for a long time—long after his high collar hung down a limp, wet rag. Nearly two hours after lunch time, after exploring the basement restaurant in search of the cup that cheers but not inebriates and the humble wedge of pie, I went upstairs again to find Mr. Beveridge confident "that a better, fairer, cleaner America surely will come . . . not reluctantly, then, but eagerly, not with faint heart but strong, do we now advance upon the enemies of the people. For the call that comes to us is the call that came to our fathers; as they responded, so shall we," and the band, far up in the gallery, crashed out the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the crowd stood up and began to sing "Our God Is Marching On!"

*The suffragists paraded to the convention hall*



school politicians who wear long coats and string ties and say "Twenty years a-gaw!"

Their faces were different—fresher, although not necessarily younger, more alight with some sort of inner fire. Phrases like "Now you know in your heart!" would be heard as you crowded into one of those little eddies of debate, in which the ethical problems raised by the recent Republican Convention were being thrashed over again. One got the notion that here were a lot of men who, whatever their points of view—and they differed widely—were going about their business in an unusually frank and natural fashion, unblushing by the usual expediencies or what somebody higher up might say.

They were unconscious of the clammy, restraining hand of that "invisible government" of which Senator Beveridge was soon to tell in his opening speech—or if they felt it at all, they were out to fight it. When Mr. Beveridge declared that a victory for either one of the old parties had come to mean merely that the people were temporarily voting for that party in order to punish the other party—"To hell with the parties!" sang out a genial soul in the gallery.

**H**OWEVER it might be understood that self-interest had scarcely had time, in this still nebulous party, to become intransigent and hard, there was no escaping the thrill of clean and unselfish enthusiasm which charged the very air. It was at once a fight and a frolic that these men were going into, a giving and forgetting. Mr. William Allen White, writing in the Chicago "Tribune" on the morning the convention opened, told a story which suggested the general atmosphere, perhaps even better in the comment it drew from him than in itself. A Kansas railroad man, it seems, had sent this note to the Progressive headquarters in Emporia the week before:

"Hear you need money and want popular subscriptions. It's two weeks till pay day and here's my last dollar. I've got Teddy skinned; he only threw his hat in the ring, but here go my pants."

best people," and some those young matrons who are "up" on everything from Ibsen to the Montessori method, and embody the modern spirit in its quintessential and perhaps most terrifying form. Most of them carried "Votes for Women" flags; most were for the new party, and two or three were not, but all were there to do honor to Miss Jane Addams, who had consented to be a delegate at large from Illinois and to second the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt.

**S**HE sat—this first citizen of Illinois—in the center of the front row, so that those looking out from the press stands over that field of men's faces, naturally saw hers first—that patient, searching face, reflecting inevitably some of the endless sadness it had seen, and now and then casting into curious diminished perspective the noisy, ephemeral clamor of what seemed for the moment a crowd of red-faced healthy boys. Next but one to Miss Addams was a fine figure of the new party man—Funk, the Progressive candidate for Governor of Illinois, a big, genial, square-jawed man, who played football at Yale on the '91 team and then went back to the Illinois corn belt to make a great success as a farmer. At the other end of the row from Funk was the grave and gentle profile of the son of James A. Garfield, and in quaint juxtaposition, across the aisle, stoutly gripping the New York State banner as if he thought some one might take it away from him, the incongruous figure of little "Tim" Woodruff. There were others as unexpected as he—men who had always been Democrats; or those—like Mr. and Mrs.

*Mr. Prendergast nominated the Colonel and there were lots of seconds*





Most of the events of the convention were what the dramatic critics call "scènes à faire"—those arranged beforehand, that had to be. Such, of course, was Colonel Roosevelt's "confession of faith" on the second day, and the ovation that greeted him and it.

It was all expected, yet none of the usual contests could well have made the scene more entertaining and extraordinary—this spectacle of a man coming before a national convention which had not yet nominated its candidate and telling them what he, and they, were to do if he were elected. A quaint illusion of regularity had been given the day before by the resolution inviting Mr. Roosevelt "to address the convention at noon to-morrow." Chairman Beveridge continued this with the announcement, presently, that the "guest of the convention" had arrived. And then, when the stage was set, the great crowd taut with excitement, the moose calls "mooing" over it like a storm wind through the pines, then up popped the Colonel from some subterranean trapdoor like a jack-in-the-box—"the hour has arrived," roared Beveridge, "and the MAN!"

It was a great sight. Never had the Colonel appeared to better advantage—more fit, more master of the audience, the situation, himself—more completely in his element. He would put up his hands as if to stop the applause, then recognize an individual in a far-off delegation and wave him a clenched-fist greeting that only started the gale going again.

A Grand Army fife and drum corps lined up behind him and began to play "Dixie." The drum was the only thing that could be heard, but the Colonel, turning enthusiastically from the old fellows in campaign hats to the delegates, kept time to the tune with jerky flourishes of his clenched fist above his head and such staccato snappings of the famous teeth that you could seem to hear each note.

PEOPLE poured up from the floor to have him wring their hands and the Colonel would whirl about from waving a bandanna at the gallery directly behind him and pounce upon whoever happened to be in line with the air of suddenly, at this crisis in his life, meeting the one person who could solve it. And so convincing and articulate were these pantomimes that the delighted audience felt that they knew practically every word that was said.

Women delegates came up with the rest, and the Colonel's greeting to each had all the dramatic value of a set speech in favor of suffrage. Two negroes appeared, and whatever the expediency of the exclusion of the Southern colored delegates the night before, its effect so far as the Colonel's personal popularity was concerned seemed promptly neutralized when he grabbed these two colored brothers as if they both just came back from discovering a new Pole. The more he talked the more excited they got, until the one whose hand the Colonel was shaking could restrain himself no longer and he swung his free arm down on the Colonel's shoulder in an ecstatic clap. The Progressive candidate for Governor of Illinois was among those who climbed up, and he showed that he was something of a dramatist himself by waiting until he stood on the platform directly in front of the Colonel and hurling his hat out over the crowd, quite literally into the ring.

A PART of Mr. Roosevelt's original following have looked with little enthusiasm on his picturesque fight for another term. These people say to you: "Of course, we've always admired T. R., and nobody denies his contribution to American politics. I dare say I'll vote for him. But—well, you understand." And this "you understand" implies a mood not unlike that of the one Athenian who voted to send Aristides into exile—"not because he had anything against him but because he was tired of hearing him called 'The Just.'"

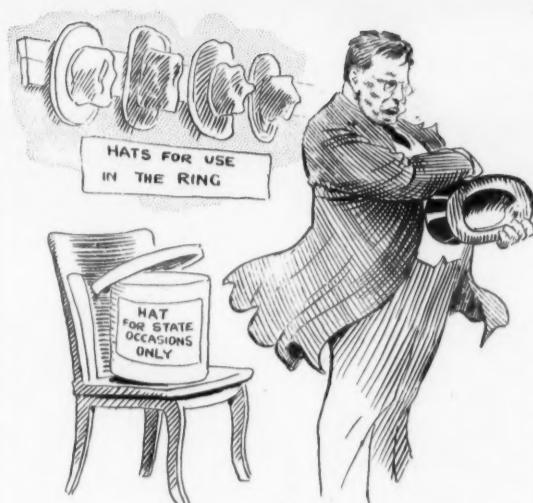
No such misgivings were felt by the Coliseum audience—now one joyous field of noise incarnadined. Gladly, completely, they gave themselves to their hero. A whole delegation jumped up and began to sing to that old revival hymn: "Follow, follow, we will follow Jesus":

*Follow, follow, we will follow Roosevelt.  
Anywhere, everywhere, we will follow him.*

The band up among the roof girders crashed into the fine marching rhythm. It is one of the tunes—with an easy haunting final alto note—which, once begun, must be sung all day, and the men who had started it left their places and, still singing—"Follow, follow"—went tramping down the hall. The band started "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and the eight thousand people stood up and thundered it out as if indeed they were marching out to war.

A woman in a pink dress, with a Michigan badge, went swaying past the platform—looking, as the shoudlers on which she was carried wobbled unevenly beneath her, like a lady on a camel. Even Miss Addams, a trifle dubious, got up with her delegation and started down the crowded aisles.

IN THIS atmosphere of complete and almost delirious approval, the Colonel delivered his "confession of faith." It was the most comprehensive utterance



The Colonel brushed up his best hat for Chicago

he had ever made. He seemed about to close when somebody in the Louisiana delegation wanted to know "how about the Mississippi River"? The Colonel promptly referred him to a letter he had written a few weeks ago advocating a deep waterway.

THE crowd liked this informal repartee, and the Colonel saw it and squared off. "Nobody can ask me a question I'm afraid to answer!" he cried, and a great howl of delight came back, and a plump, rather pretty, girl in the front row of the balcony across the hall gave a convulsive wriggle and almost threw herself and her bandanna over the rail as she seemed to say: "I must have him! Give me that man!"

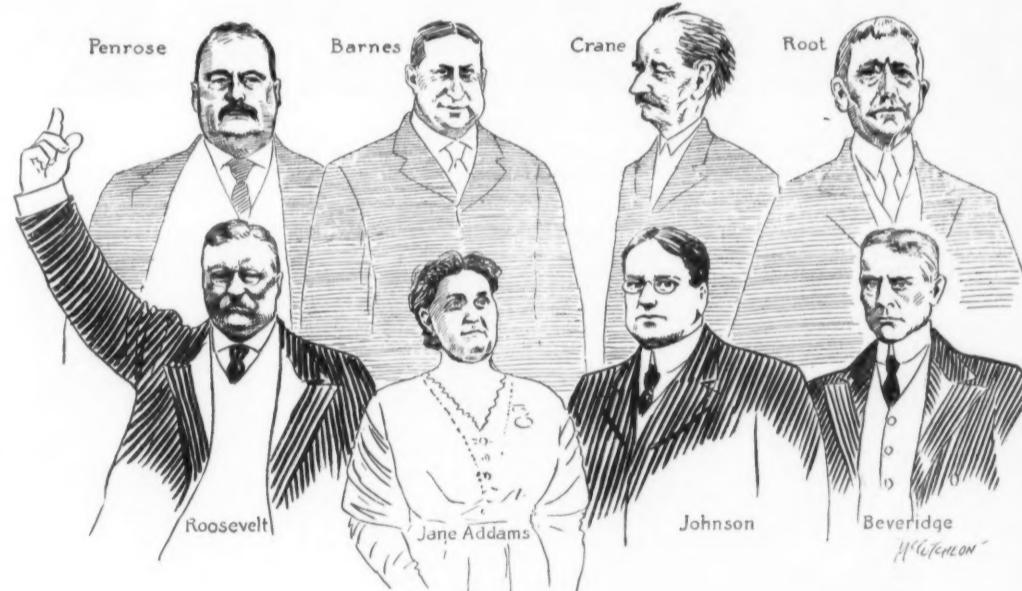
At that moment Mr. Roosevelt thought he heard somebody ask him about his position on the negro question. What followed was at the moment the most interesting part of his speech and not found in the printed copy. All day people had been talking about the modified or pneumatic-tired steam roller which had pushed out the Southern negro delegates the night before. The Colonel's tactics were characteristic. The American people, he began, were good people to lead but hard people to drive; one of the vital purposes of the new party was to bring North and South together,

whole long address a most attractive air of genuineness and informality. When he announced his approval of votes for women there was a lot of noise from the delegates, but a curious indifference from the galleries where most of the women sat. For two hours Mr. Roosevelt spoke, not only with undiminished vigor but with undiminished personal enjoyment. Indeed, at no time was he having more fun than near the very end, when, the questions from the floor seeming to come in a trifle too fast, he grinned fiercely, and with an intimation of the falsetto squeak, suggested that this be "made as much as possible a monologue."

THE last day was mostly good-natured tumult and shouting. It was all over but that, everybody knew, although the actual nominations did not come until late in the afternoon. They sang hymns and patriotic songs and the bull-moose call, which, so one is told, is not in the least like a bull-moose call, "mooed" windily over the waving bandannas.

A good many people spoke—a few of them quite the old-school laryngitic type—and every now and then the band played "Dixie." This was one apparently significant thing of that florid afternoon—the way everybody jumped up and sang it and what they felt this singing to mean. It was helped by a tempestuous young man from Georgia, who shook his scalp lock and "thanked God there was a Dixieland because Theodore Roosevelt's mother came from Dixie!" And it was helped by a feeble old Confederate veteran from Florida, with one sleeve empty, who tottered out on the platform and read something from a foolscap manuscript which only those nearest could hear. But it was helped most of all by Colonel McDowell from Tennessee, who had "fought four years for what he believed to be right and now came to help nominate the one man who can do more to wipe out sectional differences than any other man in our country."

N EITHER war nor age had weakened the fire in this old gentleman's voice. He wasn't as young as he once was, he said, but before he crossed the Great River he hoped he might see a united nation, and from now on until November—and here he flung his campaign hat out over the crowd—his hat was in the ring! A row of trumpeters standing just behind him played "Dixie" after that, and everybody sang and sang. That was one of the things which, considering everything that had gone before, seemed to open up a fresh vista.



The big four at the Two Chicago Conventions

and this purpose stood a better chance of being fulfilled if the choice of delegates were left to local opinion in the South as it had been in the North. By doing so in the North, negro delegates had been sent who were quite the equals in character and citizenship of the white delegates from the same neighborhood. Southern white men, when they thoroughly understood the spirit of the new party, would presently send negro delegates of their own free will. They would come, not as they have come to the Republican conventions but on their merits, stand on their own feet in the South as in the North—before the crowd knew what had happened the whole question had been put on an attractive moral plane, and "Now, friends," the Colonel was grinding through his teeth, "I think I can say that I have met perfectly fearlessly and conscientiously the question you have put to me."

Digressions like this—carried off with complete assurance and ease, and now and then an ascent into that falsetto squeak which the Colonel uses with such excellent effect when he wants to be sarcastic, gave to the

The other moment came when Jane Addams stepped out on the platform to second the nomination of "one of the few men in our public life who have been responsive to the social appeal, who have caught the significance of the modern movement."

NEVER before, at a national convention, had a woman seconded the nomination of a candidate for President; never before had men shouted "Good! Good!" as she spoke of things hitherto remote from ordinary politics, nor joined in as she was urged round the hall carrying a banner with the words: "Votes for Women." It was a new sound at a national convention, this woman's voice speaking of the relief of overworked girls: "the great reservoir of women's moral energy, so long undesired and unutilized in practical politics"; the "demands for social justice, long discussed by small groups in charity conferences and economic associations here thrust at last into the stern arena of political action"—a new sound, more strange and stirring, even, than the moo of the bull moose.



Colonel Roosevelt Responds to a Street Greeting

Going to and coming from his hotel Colonel Roosevelt was the recipient of enthusiastic cheers. He responded sometimes by his characteristic smile, bow and hat salute, and sometimes by speaking a few words. The photographic scene is on Michigan Avenue



The Suffrage Procession

The women of Chicago, including many prominent in social, club, and educational circles, escorted Miss Addams and the other delegates on their way to the convention



Jane Addams and Two Women Delegates

Mrs. Charles Blaney of California, Mrs. H.M. Wilmeth, and Miss Jane Addams of Illinois, about to start for the convention. Miss Addams is on the right

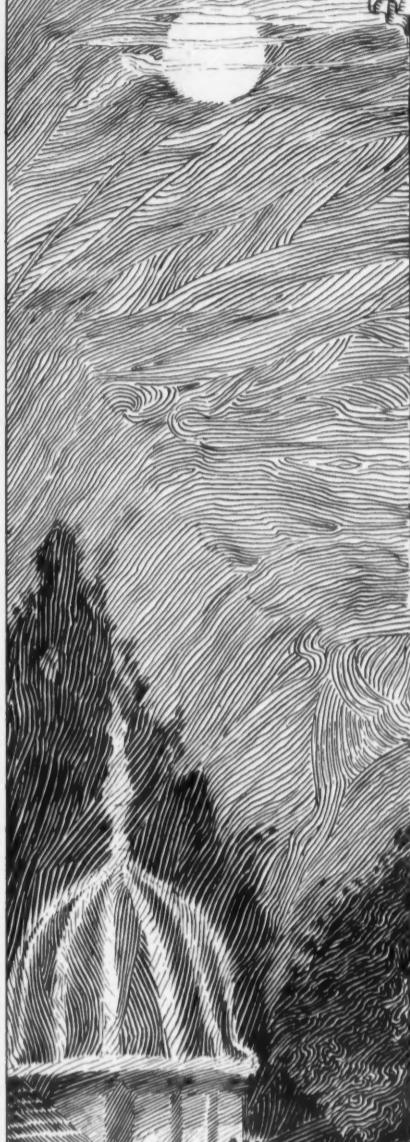


Woodrow Wilson Formally Accepting the Democratic Nomination for President of the United States

Woodrow Wilson delivered his speech of acceptance of the nomination by the Democratic party for President of the United States on the same day, Wednesday, August 7, on which the new National Progressive party named Theodore Roosevelt for the same office. Mr. Wilson spoke from the porch of his summer residence at Sea Girt, New Jersey, and in the photograph is standing by a pillar

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MARMON "32"—32-40 H. P., 120-inch wheel base, self starting, dynamo lighting with body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment—\$2850 to \$4100.

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These outfits are giving ideal results in a million buildings of all kinds and conditions in America, Europe, Australia and elsewhere. They are fully guaranteed. Accept no substitute. Ask for catalogue (FREE): "Ideal Heating Investments."

A No. 2124 IDEAL Boiler and 401 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$210, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, piping, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Showrooms in all large cities  
Write Department 31 CHICAGO



## District Attorney

(Continued from page 15)

ing to its sides, was the gorge, yellow sulphur water racing through it with the same musical tinkle, doubtless, that it had given forth on October mornings long before men with picks and lamps came to dig coal and poison the speckled trout. The burning cars sent up nothing but puffs of smoke. From the south came a scream that the valleys echoed—the herald of the relief train. Among the outcrop they could see the miner and his wife climbing toward the shanty.

Billy Stratton threw the strip of green curtain from her throat and faced the daybreak. With the morning, peace seemed to have come to her. She did not look at Hemingway as she spoke. Her eyes were leveled at the flushed tips of the culm piles, at the clean dawn, as serene as if there were no crushed humans along the tracks.

"I lied to her," she said, softly. "And this was the lie: I told her I had shot Dick Murray because he was leaving me; that I killed him because he told me he had never cared for me. I told her that he said he loved only one woman, the best woman in the world—the woman who was his wife. She went to sleep believing that, and she smiled before she went. She was as happy then, I think, as a dying woman could be. If I had wished, I could have kept her awake long enough to have made her forgive me. But the hurt was stabbing her. So I put her to sleep with this—and she smiled."

She drew out the tiny morphine outfit, tossing it from her into the gorge.

"That was what I said at the trial," the District Attorney said. A sternness crept into his voice.

"That was what you said at the trial, and I told her that," said the girl. "But it wasn't true."

"What was true?" he asked. He was near enough to read the truth in the one glance she gave him before her eyes were leveled at the culm heaps once more.

"This was the truth," said Billy Stratton. "Dick Murray was never worth the love of that woman lying yonder in the shanty. He was bad, all bad. I knew it, and he knew that I knew it. And I told him I would see no more of him the night of that last dinner. All the way back in the taxi he was begging me not to give him up. Then he began to threaten. I wasn't frightened when he showed me the pistol—not at first. I thought he was too weak to mean it. There were three shots, you remember?"

"The taxicab chauffeur testified that three shots were fired," said Hemingway.

"Two of those Dick Murray fired at me while I was struggling for the pistol. Neither of us cried out, I think. And he would have killed me with the third, but I held his hand with both of mine and turned the pistol against his side. Not that I cared to live very much. As I felt my hands stronger than his wrist I knew life wouldn't hold much for me with the horror that must come. But I heard the shot, a dull one, not like the others. It was too late then."

"And that is the truth," said the District Attorney. It was not a question. He was merely repeating the girl's words.

"That is the truth," said Billy Stratton. She turned to him quickly, the green cloth slipping from her shoulder. He saw what he had not seen the night before—that her bare right arm was covered with bruises.

"That is the truth," Hemingway said again. "I know it is the truth. I am very, very sorry."

"You see, you can't really understand my sort. I'm only what the papers called me, just a chorus girl of the lobster palaces. There are a thousand like me along Broadway. But everyone of us wants to be different, a whole lot different, before she dies. It isn't easy to start with nothing and get only the good things as you go along. But there's always something behind the white lights and the stage-door Johnnies eager to buy. It's sticking around in the corner of your dressing room when you paint your face. It's spoiling the taste of the last glass of champagne before the waiter tells you the restaurant is going to close. It's in the silly lines you say behind the foots and the silly songs you sing for the overfed people in the chairs."

The girl's words came to him defiantly now. She even laughed once—a stage laugh.

"Why," she exclaimed. "There was a song in 'The Little Jade Joss' that gave



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Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for School, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of bath bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of

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The Special Smokeless Steel barrel, rifled deep on the Ballard system, creates perfect combustion, develops highest velocity and hurls the bullet with utmost accuracy and mightiest killing impact.

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Every hunter should know all the Marlin characteristics. Send for our free catalog. Enclose 3 stamps for postage.

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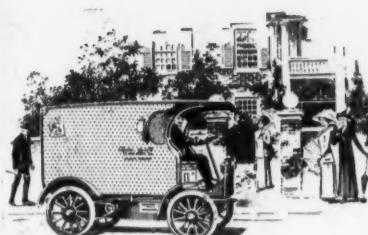
—And by the same means extend and check all incoming and outgoing bills; figure simple and chain discounts, inventories with fractions; foot and extend piece-work payrolls; prorate costs, in a small part of the time it takes to do it mentally?

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**ELECTRIC** Delivery Wagons will give you a higher name and fame among the entire community.

The sight of an Electric Delivery Wagon is a positive relief—it is so clean, noiseless, dignified and efficient. It suggests to the public that the merchant who uses Electric Delivery Service is the sort of merchant to trade with.

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One Electric will do the work of several horse-drawn wagons—hence you can make more and quicker deliveries. An Electric Delivery Wagon is not affected by the elements, heat or cold—it does not have to rest, one day in five, like a hard-worked horse.

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Power for operating Electric Vehicles is cheaper than that for any other type—and it is constantly decreasing in cost. The original investment is well repaid by the superior, economical service.



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Public interest and private advantage both favor the Electric

**ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA**

BOSTON

124 W. 42nd St. CHICAGO  
NEW YORK (B)

## District Attorney

(Concluded from page 24)

me the blues every time I sang it. It made a big hit, that song. The audience used to think it was funny."

She hummed the refrain of a musical comedy ditty that Broadway had worn to tatters the winter before:

*I want to be Alice in Wonderland,  
And play with the Cheshire Cat.  
I want to eat part of the stolen tart  
And wear the Mad Hatter's hat.  
I'd like to go out with the Carpenter,  
A-strolling upon the sand.  
I'd love to take tiffin  
Along with the Griffin,  
In Wonderland.*

"That was the song that always made me feel blue," said Billy Stratton. "It made me want to have a whole lot of things, nice things, that I knew I never should have."

The relief train screamed three times as its engine nosed slowly around the curve and came to a standstill a few rods from the smoldering wreckage. They could see men with stretchers running up the tracks.

"It's fair enough," said the girl. "It's fair that I should be punished by watching Dick Murray's wife die. But don't think it was easy for me to lie to her!"

**W**HEN the miner and his wife reached them, Billy Stratton was crushed against a fragment of boulder, sobbing pitifully.

The Lithuanian woman muttered to her mate, snatching the still sleeping baby from her shawl and thrusting the child into his arms. She ran to the girl and touched her clumsily upon the bruised, bare arm.

"A'right," she crooned. "You nize lady. A'right. A'right."

Wilmot Hemingway stumbled down the mountain side toward the relief train. Gorge, spiderlike coal breakers, and the glistening culm heaps apparently were revolving before him. He was chilled and unspeakably tired.

"A'right, lady," he heard the Lithuanian woman, crooning. "A'right. A'right, now."

## Nobs

(Concluded from page 17)

With an adroit tug he converts the Duke's neat bow tie into two dangling white strings.

**D**UKE. (*Galvanized into action.*) By gad, sir!

Rushes at Sir Charles, who exhibits the cowardice peculiar to bad baronets by placing himself in turn beneath the sofa and on top of the table, and at last, after an exciting and rapturously applauded chase, leaping through the window.

**LADY GWENDOLEN.** (*Clasping her panting savior to her breast.*) At last, Leamington—at last!

**CURTAIN**

"Yes," said Lord Montague. "I think I may say candidly, gentlemen, that I have earned my commission. The odd £50, by the way, I charge as some slight compensation for the loss of one duke from my list of acquaintances."

## A Summer Kindergarten

By ANNE CLEVELAND CHENEY

**T**HERE in a dingy schoolroom of the slums,

*The children played;*

*I watched—I, fresh from haunt of shore  
and rock and tree—*

*With eager little pale, pale hands they made*

*A paper sea!*

*There in the lifeless, four-walled sultriness,*

*The children played;*

*I watched—the breath of brine in ev'ry part of me,*

*From healthful sands, from bracing, wind-swept shade—*

*A paper sea!*

*There in the noises of a city street,*

*The children played;*

*I watched—filled with the waves' eternal melody—*

*Those eager little pale, pale hands that made*

*A paper sea!*

# PRINCE ALBERT

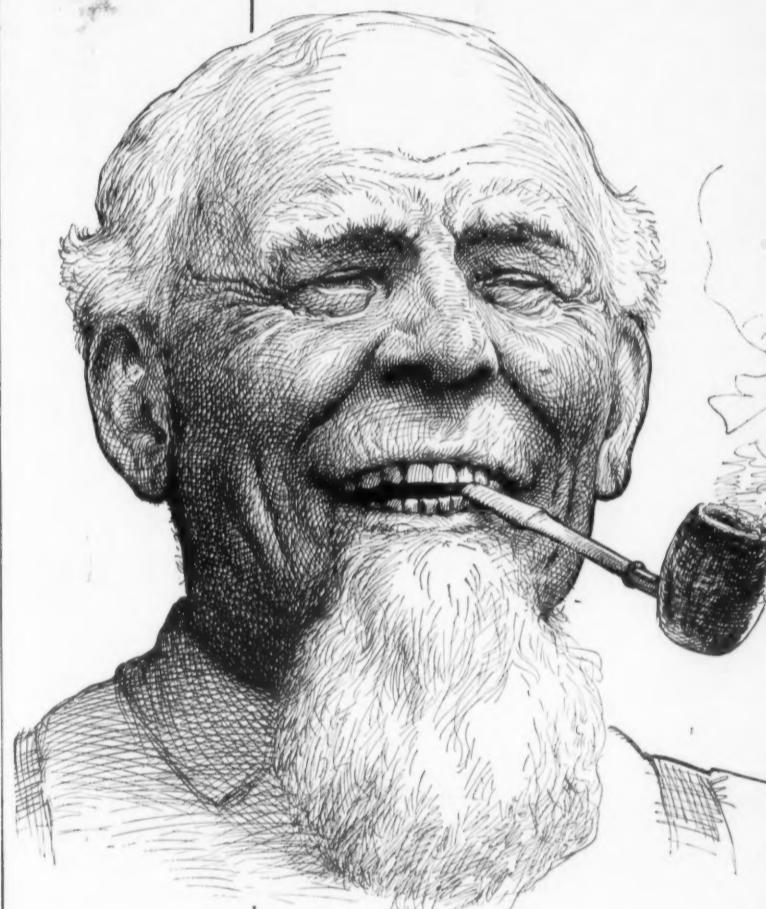
*the  
national  
joy  
smoke*

### Pipeology

Here's a popular pipe—a corn cob fitted with a wooden stem and a bone mouth bit. It's just a little niftier than the ordinary corn cob, and costs no more. It imparts the same satisfaction to the smoker.

For an honest-to-goodness smoke—any kind of weather, any time, anywhere—you get a jimmy pipe and some Prince Albert and make fire with a match!

No matter what gait you're traveling or what's on your mind, for the long pull and the cool pull and the joy pull, why, you get right down to the original idea—a jimmy pipe—and just jam it full of P. A. and there you are, all right side up with the world! *Do that!*



5c toppy red bags;  
10c tidy red tins;  
handsome pound  
and half-pound  
humidors.



Prince Albert isn't a lot of chaff. It's got tobacco substance and gives tobacco satisfaction. On the train, in your auto, anywhere, it's *your* smoke in a pipe or rolled into a cigarette, because it's fresh, and sweet, and delicious, and can't burn your tongue or parch your throat! Bite's taken out by the famous patented process that has made pipe smokers and men who couldn't smoke a pipe before sit up and make some mental notes!

You are only one of thousands of men who *will* or who *have* dug up their old jimmies, got some P. A. and sure enough entered into the real spirit of

# PRINCE ALBERT

*the national joy smoke*

Yes, sir; beat it cross lots for quick action!  
**R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.**  
Winston-Salem, N. C.



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*Warner*  
*AUTO-METER*

## The High Esteem in Which the

THE above illustrates two sections of Fifth Avenue, New York City, probably the most cosmopolitan and at the same time most fashionable thoroughfare in the world. If you would stroll up this famous street, say from 23d Street to the Park, and carefully observe the speedometers on all of the cars you came in contact with, you would leave with the firm conviction that the Warner was the only instrument made—so scarce would all the other makes be.

You would find "Warners" on the French, German, English and Italian cars, for the American who buys his car abroad invariably equips it with a "Warner" the minute he gets it on this side of the Atlantic. You would find "Warners" on the high priced American cars. You would find "Warners" on the high grade popular priced cars. Down town in the wholesale districts, where thousands of huge motor trucks haul merchandise every day in the year, you would again be impressed with the great number of "Warners" in use.

Nor is New York City any exception. Pick any of the great American thoroughfares, and you'll see

almost universal recognition of the "Warner." Go where you will—on Michigan Boulevard or Lake Shore Drive in Chicago; on Tremont Street in Boston, or among the wealthy Boston suburbs; on Broad Street, Philadelphia; on Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco; on the well known drive from Pasadena to Los Angeles; on Canal Street, in New Orleans; on Colfax Avenue, Denver; or on "The Boulevard" of Kansas City, and you'll find the Warner Auto-Meter the dominating speed indicator of America. In fact, wherever you find high grade cars, you'll find the Warner Auto-Meter the preferred speed indicator.

The Warner Auto-Meter has been rendering accurate speed and mileage service, on more high grade cars, for a longer period of years than any other instrument made.

What happened when the big manufacturers of American automobiles decided to equip their 1913 cars with speedometers? Many of these big producers chose the Warner Auto-Meter. They knew its guaranteed accuracy and dependability. They knew

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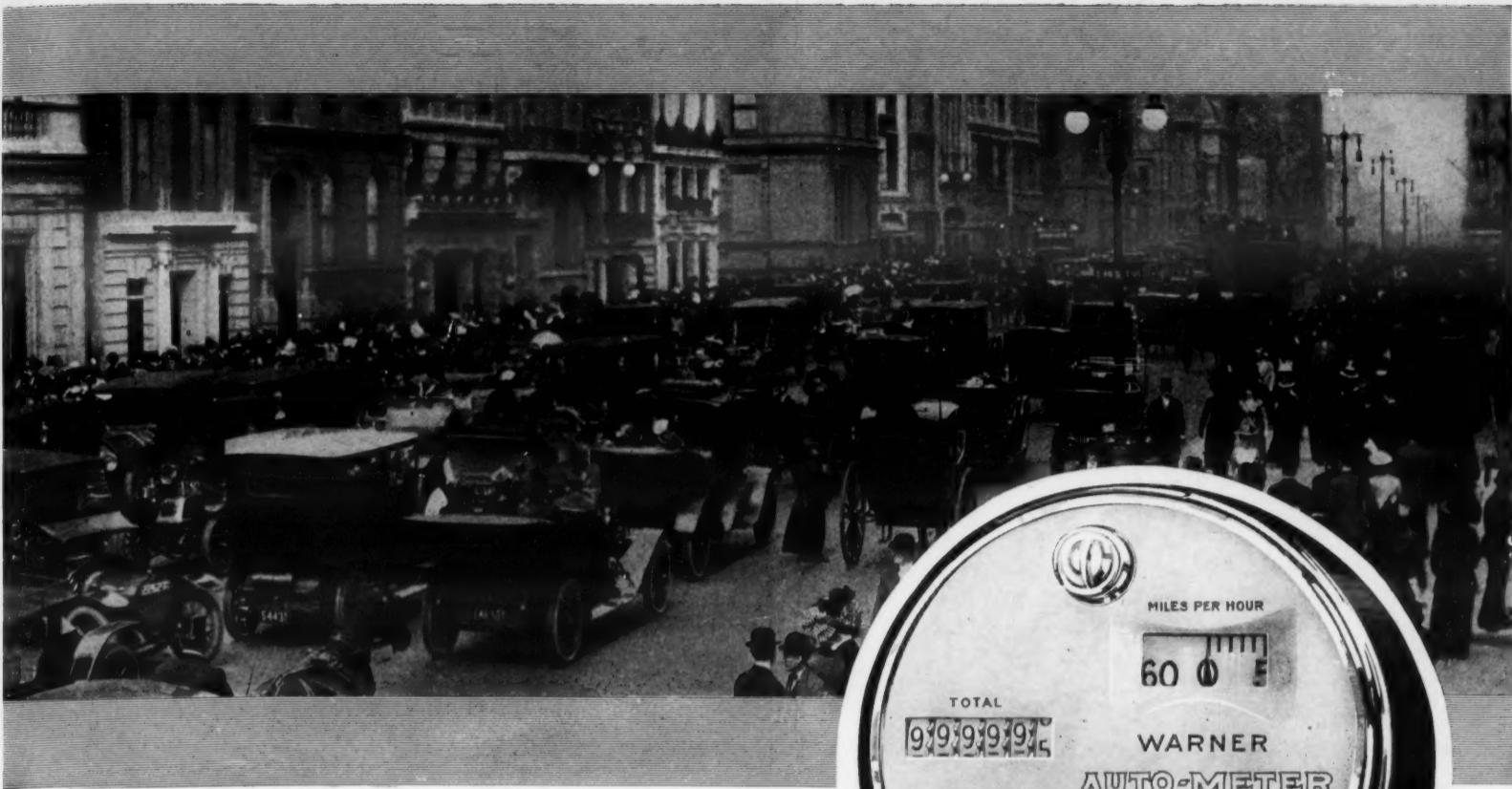
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*Warner*  
AUTO-METER



Model K-2  
Price \$75

## Warner Auto-Meter Is Held

the high standard and unquestioned quality of the "Warner." And they further knew they could not "take a chance" with any instrument inferior to the "Warner." They chose the "Warner" in spite of the fact that it cost them double that of any other speed and mileage indicator made.

These big manufacturers knew they could not afford to equip their cars with an instrument that could not measure up to the high standard of their product. A quality article must be quality all over—not in spots.

Watch the increasing number of "Warners" that will go into use with the coming season. This tells a great story and must prove the high esteem in which the biggest American producers hold this faultless instrument.

For the 1913 season over 100,000 new cars will leave their factories "Warner equipped." Watch the 1913 announcements of the different automobile manufacturers. See how often you see "Warner" mentioned in their equipment list. Notice, also, the character of these manufacturers—the biggest and best in the industry.

The Warner Auto-Meter is the most simple in principle of operation, the most accurate in registration and the finest in its construction.

It is made in the most modernly equipped plants—by experts. The delicate and patented mechanism is thoroughly jeweled (with sapphires) the same as the very finest watches are, which insures correctness in all individual working parts and absolute precision as a whole working unit. It is as sensitive as the most expensive compass, can stand the most severe strains and jolts without the least bit of variation. It will accurately record the slightest increase or decrease in your speed.

Watch carefully the speedometer on the car you buy. Make sure it's a "Warner." It's a guide to making a safe automobile investment.

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